

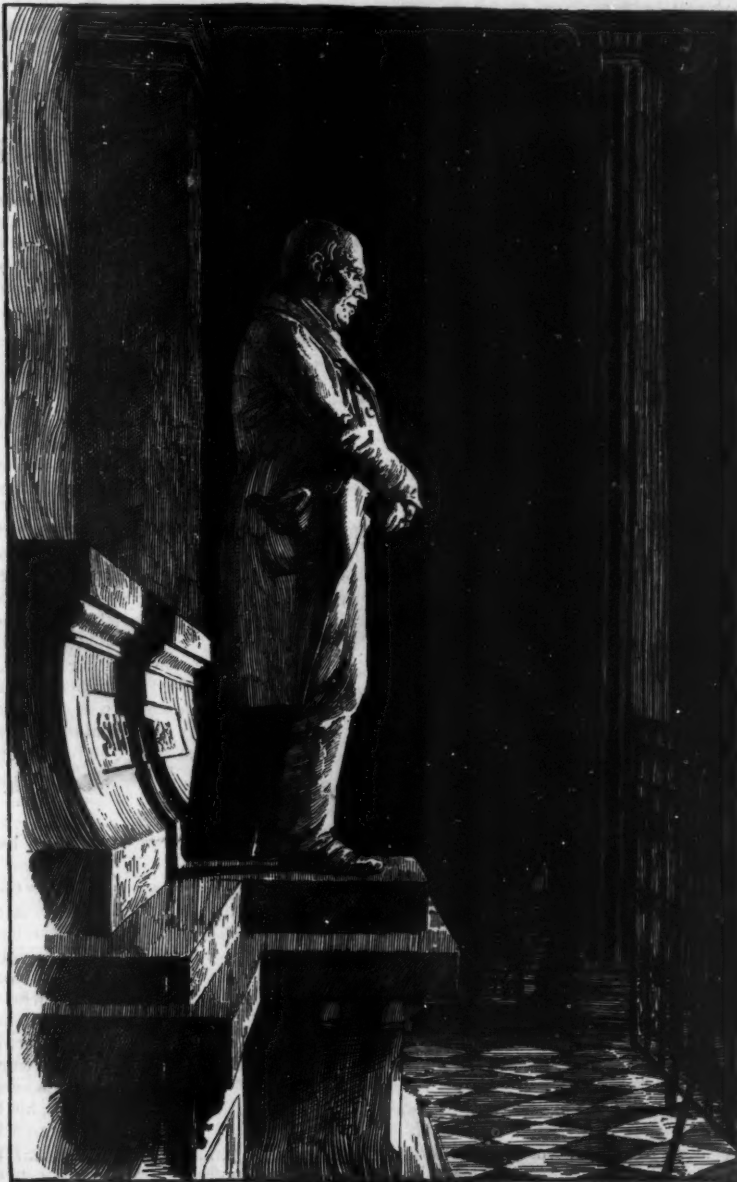
# THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1883.

Whole No. 71.

STEPHEN GIRARD—MARINER AND MERCHANT.

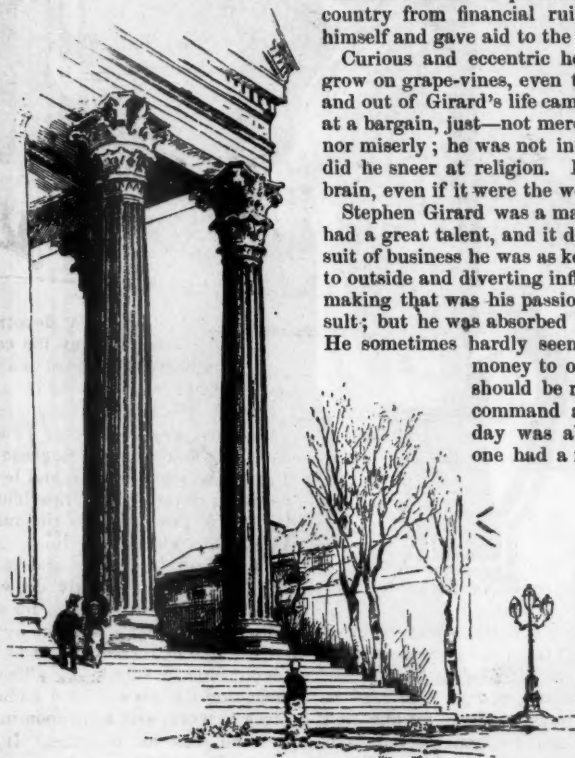


STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD—AT THE COLLEGE DOORWAY.



UNDER the roof of an old house in Water Street, one December day, over fifty years ago, a will was read, which made the City of Philadelphia one of the richest legatees on record. The fortune, as it then stood, amounted to nearly eight millions of dollars, but it included property which has grown so valuable that, great as are the expenses which have developed under the will, they do not consume even the interest, a portion of which is yearly added to the capital. The will provided for a plain and comfortable home which should hold at least one hundred orphan boys, and give them a support and education. The trustees instead built a marble palace, supported by pillars each of which cost thirteen thousand dollars. Everything else was in proportion, and magnificence was the only object held in view. Instead of a hundred boys, Girard College last year contained one thousand one hundred and four. The expenditures for the college the same year amounted to nearly five hundred thousand dollars. Over five hundred thousand were expended on other trusts, and yet there was a balance of over twenty thousand left unused.

This is a handsome showing for one man, and he a foreigner, who had to borrow five dollars to bring him into the city! And when Stephen Girard left this great fortune he did not leave it to perpetuate his name, or build a great monument to his memory. Each of the carefully-devised clauses showed that he meant it to be of honest, enduring use. He wanted fatherless boys educated as working men; he wanted the river front improved, and the city made safer and more healthful; the hospitals were to have larger means of helping the sick and insane, and nurses were to be educated. None of these objects were subjects of speculation with Girard; he had a personal interest in each one. He was himself an uneducated boy, and knew at what a disadvantage he had been placed. The river front had been the scene of his life-work; and no one knew better what care the insane needed, and how necessary were trained nurses to the public. He had lived in Philadelphia through days of war and blockade; through prosperity and through desolating plague.



A CORNER IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

He came to it when it was part of the British colonies, and he had been the staunch, steady friend, not only of the city but of the Country, through many heavy, dark days. Having no children of his own he adopted those who were fatherless.

And Philadelphia? How has she taken these benefits, and what has she done for the memory of her benefactor? Apart from the extravagance of building such a school-home, she has administered the Trust with honesty and fidelity. There has never been a scandal attached to the Girard Estate, nor any question of its administration. As for the man himself—Philadelphia has not only laughed at him, wondered over him, told hard stories of him, but she has also allowed others to do so. She has never taken enough interest in him to have a biography written that would do him justice. She has suffered the most unblushing stories of him and of his family to go uncontradicted—she has never taken the trouble to inquire what sort of man he really was.

Does any one believe that the morose and ancient figure with one eye—ill-clad, silent, repulsive, unob-servant—shambling through the streets of Philadelphia, which is pictured in all biographical sketches of Girard, really represents the alert, keen Frenchman, who, more than any other man, built up the city's commerce, who was the bravest in pestilence, the quickest to save the country from financial ruin, who made a fortune for himself and gave aid to the helpless?

Curious and eccentric he certainly was, but grapes grow on grape-vines, even though the vine be gnarled, and out of Girard's life came his virtues. He was keen at a bargain, just—not merciful; but he was not crafty nor miserly; he was not intolerant to the helpless, nor did he sneer at religion. He had a heart as well as a brain, even if it were the weaker of the two.

Stephen Girard was a man under a possession. He had a great talent, and it dominated him. In his pursuit of business he was as keen as a lover, and as blind to outside and diverting influences. It was not money-making that was his passion, that came as a logical result; but he was absorbed in, and devoted to business. He sometimes hardly seemed to realize the value of money to other people, and that a man should be ruined because he could not command a certain sum on a certain day was almost a crime to him. No one had a right to get into such a position, and he should ask no pity. Girard had no patience with failures. If a man had feet, let him stand on them. No one found Girard willing to act as a crutch, although he could go into the houses whose very air was death, and in his arms carry out men who were dying with a pestilence. He believed in fraternity, but his employes were—his employes. In his counting-room, his bank, his house, there was but one will, and that was his own.

He paid for the work done for him. Did the worker need more money? had he necessities beyond his income? What was that to his employer! He kept to his limits in all his relations in life, and never lost a clear sense of relative positions. After his brother



ON THE STAIRWAY—VISITORS' DAY.

Jean died, he took charge of the three orphan children left in Philadelphia. He sent them to the best schools, but he paid the bills out of the little estate their father left. His house was their home, and he was kind to them. He never bought a shawl or dress for one that he did not for the others, and he remembered their girlish fancies. After they had married from his house he petted their children, and liked to have them about, and indeed felt a right to the little people, but he never adopted these girls, and never seemed to have a father's devotion for them. He corresponded with his family in France, but he was too busy watching the markets of the world to give much time to individuals, even if they were his relations.

He was born in Bordeaux, of a family characterized

by a devotion to the sea and a talent for commerce. His grandfather, John Girard, was "Captain, Master, Patron," and his father and uncles repeated the record. His father, Pierre Girard, however, went farther, and was the hero of an adventure that brought the family much honor. England and France were, at the time of the story, at war, and both fleets were off Brest, watching chances to do mischief; and so England one day sent a fire-ship into the midst of the enemy and set aflame a ship of the line. At sea a ship on fire is not a desirable neighbor, and it may be imagined that the other vessels quickly drew out of danger. But Pierre Girard was the man for an emergency, so he up with his sails and went into action with the fire. He did not go to rescue the crew, but meant to put the fire out, and he succeeded. Then he sailed back to his place, and the crew of the endangered ship set themselves to work, and were soon in condition to rejoin the fleet and look for revenge. It was so bold and well-managed an affair that it was reported to Louis XV, who was greatly delighted, and, sending for Captain Girard, took the sword from his own side and knighted him by conferring on him the Order of St. Louis. He ordered a gold medal struck commemorating the act, and had the whole affair placed on record in the Admiralty of Paris. And so Captain Girard went home to Bordeaux with the order on his coat, and the king's sword by his side, and when he died the sword was,



according to his orders, placed in his coffin and buried with him.

Stephen was the eldest child of this happy hero, and according to the baptismal record given herewith, appears to have been at first called by the French synonym of Etienne. In the records of the family the names of four others appear—two brothers, a sister, and one who is but once mentioned because he died and his father mourned for him greatly. Jean was near Stephen in age, being born in 1751, and was also the captain of a ship, merchant and trader. He had an estate in the West Indies, which seems to have been inherited from his father, but he was several times in Philadelphia, and was once in partnership with his brother. When he was off on his voyages he wrote frank and friendly letters to Stephen, and advised him of wines and flour, tobacco and other exports and imports. He sold barrels of hair-powder for Stephen, as well as family flour; and in one of his letters gives his staid Philadelphia brother a comical commission by deputizing him as an ambassador in a love affair. He has made up his mind, he writes, that he should like to marry a certain "K. B."—he only gives her initials—in Philadelphia, but before he committed himself he wished Stephen to see how the land lay. In the first place, his brother was to find out whether Jean's person and fortune were pleasing to the young lady, and then whether she had any money; because if she had not, Jean remarks, that will settle the matter. Something apparently did decide him in the negative, as he finally

bowl at his head, and so broke not only the bowl but the partnership. When this was done, Jean was worth sixty thousand dollars, while Stephen had but thirty.



PIERRE GIRARD'S CROSS OF ST. LOUIS.

DEPARTEMENT DE LA GIRONDE.

Mairie de la Ville de Bordeaux.



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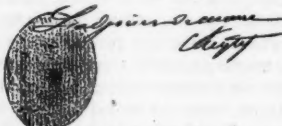
Extrait du Registre des actes de Baptême  
de l'an 1750.

*Jean mil sept cent cinquante et six  
vingt et un may, j'ai baptisé au baptême  
un enfant légitime de Pierre Girard,  
capitaine d'équipage, habitant au port de  
parcours de l'Acadie, en l'honneur de la Vierge  
Catholique et de la sainte Vierge. Son  
père a pour nom J. Etienne. Son  
franc a été légitime, bourgeois de  
Bordeaux et de la commune de l'Acadie. Les pères  
qui ont signé ces actes.*

*Signé, au registre Girard, pour, Joseph, premier  
Aide de la Vierge, et Calixte, vicar.*

*Donné et fait en l'acte de la commune*

*de l'Acadie, le 26 mai 1750.*



STEPHEN GIRARD'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

married a young Irish girl, who evidently was one of the few persons not in awe of Stephen, as, it is said, she once became so angry with him that she threw a

They must after this have made the quarrel up, because Jean in his letters perpetually confides his "little family" to Stephen's care, reminding him that in his own absence he, Stephen, is their only protector. The other brother, a second Etienne, who kept the name and who was born in 1757, was a lawyer and a school-fellow of Napoleon Bonaparte's. In the days of the French Revolution he was a member of the "Franklin Club," and always held honorable positions in Bordeaux.

Both of these brothers had the advantage of being well educated, but Stephen never would go to college. When he was about seventeen he made some remarks at the table in the presence of his stepmother about second marriages, which displeased his father, who told him very promptly that if he could not behave in his house he could leave it. Stephen was as quick to reply that nothing would suit him better, and if his father would give him "a venture" he would go at once. The father took him at his word and bought assorted goods to the value of a thousand francs, and with them Stephen set sail for the French West Indies, and so was launched in life. He began as cabin boy, but was soon promoted to be cook, and then went up grade after grade to steward, mate and captain, until he became, as he liked to say, "mariner and merchant," and was a master in both. He seems to have traded principally between New Orleans and the West Indies, coming to Philadelphia for the first time in 1769. When he came at last to stay, it was—if the story is true—by an accident. In May of 1776, he was on his way in a sloop from New Orleans to Canada, when he was lost in a fog. His signal of distress brought an American vessel alongside, and Girard asked where he was. "In Delaware Bay." The next question was how was he to get out? This, the American told him, was easy enough, but just outside the bay the sea swarmed with British cruisers, and his advice to the young Frenchman was, that having come safely in he should risk no more, but sail direct to Philadelphia and there dispose of his



cargo. To this Girard objected; he did not know the river, and had no money to pay a pilot. The captain then backed his advice by action, and lent Girard five dollars; a pilot came on board, and so Girard ignorantly and by chance, it seemed, went to his future home in the Quaker City. In July, the ports were all blockaded by Lord Howe, and Girard sailed no more. He rented a little house on Water Street, and went into another "venture" of assorted goods. He bought everything that he thought would sell again, but the business

there until September, when Lord Howe, fancying he had business in Philadelphia, occupied the city, and so drove many of the inhabitants away, and among them the young Girards. They went to Mount Holly, New Jersey, where they bought a house for five hundred dollars, and Stephen again carried on the bottling business, but now sold his wine to the British. In 1778 Lord Howe left the city, and they returned. The after story of this marriage was certainly very miserable, but there seems to be no reason for the tales of the wife's unhap-



IN THE LIBRARY—RECREATION AND REPOSE.

he found most profitable during all these early years was bottling wine and brandy, which were consigned to him in casks from Bordeaux.

In front of his little shop there stood a pump, and among the girls who came for water was Polly Lum. She was young, and she was pretty; her eyes were black, and her dark hair curled about her neck. Girard was not so absorbed that he could not see all this, nor was she indifferent to the conquest she made of the young Frenchman. He visited her, he asked her to marry him, and Polly laughed and said she would, and so, on the sixth of July, 1777, they went to St. Paul's church and were married by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Magaw. Then they went back to Water Street, and lived

pininess from Girard's ill-treatment of her, nor of his dissatisfaction with her frivolity and ignorance. In her early and growing insanity there was misery enough to account for everything, and when at the end of eight years she had to be placed in the Pennsylvania Hospital, his brother Jean, who had had every opportunity of knowing Stephen's domestic affairs, wrote to him: "I have just received your letter of the 12th, and I cannot express how I felt at the news. I truly grieved because of the terrible state you must be in, especially because I know the friendship and love you have for your wife." He then goes on to say that only business keeps him from going at once to console his brother, but adjured him to "conquer your grief, and show yourself a man,



SECRETARY AND MUSICAL CLOCK PRESENTED TO GIRARD BY JEROME BONAPARTE.

for when we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves, nothing should crush us." This letter has especial value, for whatever else the Girards were they were not hypocrites, and Jean would not have irritated his brother by any effusive, empty condolence. There is every proof that Girard did his best for his wife. He had her under medical treatment at home, he sent her to the country, and wanted her to make a visit to France, but this was given up; and when after a seven years' residence in the hospital she seemed better, he took her home again. But she grew worse, and there was no hope, and she was finally placed permanently in the hospital, where she died in 1815; and one of Girard's old friends says that as they stood around the coffin the tears ran down the husband's cheeks, and he was neither callous nor indifferent to his wife's death, nor to her memory. The first bequest in the will, and the largest made to any of the existing corporations, was to the hospital in which she had been cared for. She is remembered as an old woman, swarthy and dark-eyed, sitting in the sun, and hardly recognizing the old housekeeper

who would sometimes take Girard's little nieces, Jean's daughters, to see her.

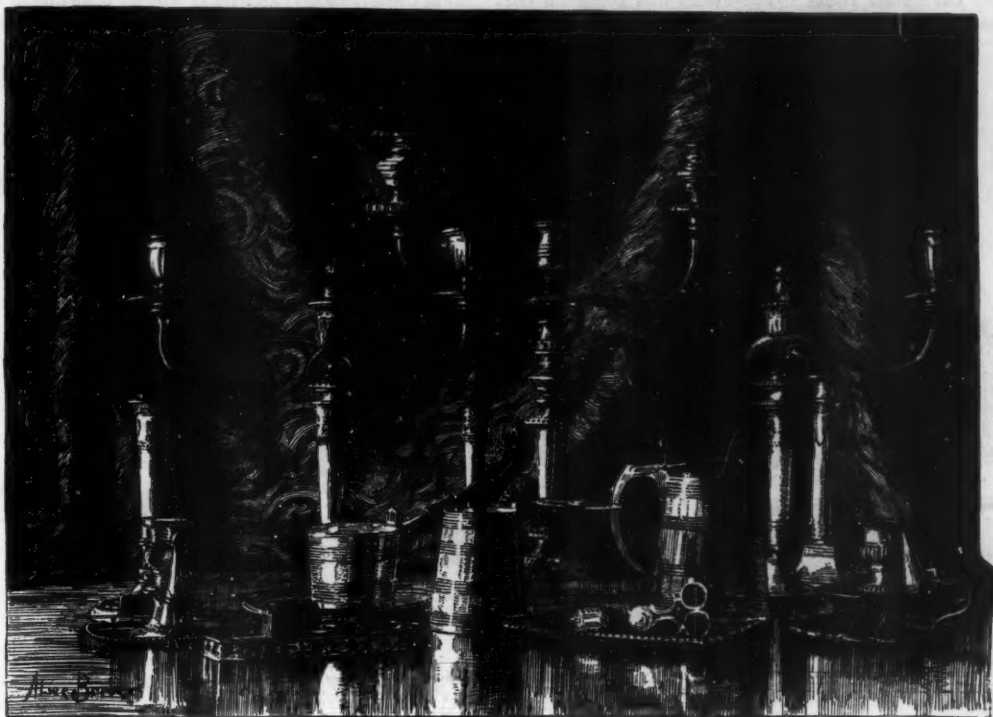
During these years Girard was steadily at work. He had taken the oath of allegiance in 1777, and seems to have lost all desire to go to sea. He once made a trip to Leghorn, from whence he brought a table of various colored marbles; but he lived in Water Street, content and busy. His ships went everywhere, beginning with one small vessel which sailed to the West Indies and back, carrying cargoes both ways. As his profits enabled him to do so, he bought other vessels and projected long voyages. He named his ships after French philosophers, and the *Montesquieu*, the *Voltaire* and *Rousseau* were known in many ports. He would send a cargo to London, and there the ship would reload for another port, and so go on and on until it had sailed half around the world. He gave the most minute directions, and left nothing to the discretion of his employés, and nothing reconciled him to the slightest neglect of or change in his orders. He once sent a young supercargo with two ships on a two years' voyage. He was to go first to London, then to Amsterdam, and so from port to port, selling and buying, until at last he was to go to Mocha, buy coffee and turn back. At London, however, the young fellow was charged by the Barings not to go to Mocha, or he would fall into the hands of pirates; at Amsterdam they told him the

same thing; everywhere the caution was repeated; but he sailed on until he came to the last port before Mocha. Here he was consigned to a merchant who had been an apprentice to Girard in Philadelphia—for this happened when Girard was an old and rich man—and he too told him he must not dare venture near the Red Sea. The supercargo was now in a dilemma. On one side was his master's order; on the other, two vessels, a valuable cargo, a large amount of money. The merchant knew Girard's peculiarities as well as the supercargo did, but he thought the rule to "break owners, not orders," might this time be governed by discretion. "You'll not only lose all you have made," he said, "but you'll never go home to justify yourself." The young man reflected. After all, the object of his voyages was to get coffee, and there was no danger in going to Java, so he turned his prow, and away he sailed to the Chinese Seas. He bought coffee at four dollars a sack, and sold it in Amsterdam at a most enormous advance, and then went back to Philadelphia in good order, with large profits, sure of approval. Soon after he entered the

counting-room Girard came in. He looked at the young fellow from under his bushy brows, and his one eye gleamed with resentment. He did not greet him nor welcome him nor congratulate him, but, shaking his angry hand, cried: "What for you not go to Mocha, sir?" And for the moment the supercargo wished he had! But this was all Girard ever said on the subject. He rarely scolded his employés. He might express his opinion by cutting down a salary, and when a man did not suit him he dismissed him. He had no patience with incompetence, no time to educate people in business habits. Each man felt he was watched and weighed; and as long as he did his best, and his best suited, he was treated justly, if closely. The master

was born with instincts that never failed him. He knew where to sell and where to buy, and could calculate what would be the market prices hundreds of miles away and a year ahead. He understood possible dangers and provided for them, and his busy brain marshaled the world to do him service. His family, however, had no faith in his establishing himself in a young country struggling in a war with so great a power as England.

In 1777 his brother Jean wrote to him from Cape François, that in every letter he receives from their father, he asks news of Stephen, "with, as I can well imagine, tears in his eyes," says the writer, and implores Jean to join him in persuading Stephen to quit



INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM.

exacted honesty, soberness, punctuality, and allowed none of his plans to be thwarted by any independence on the part of his subordinates. They understood that they were to leave business in the office, so no one of them gossiped to his friends over Girard's affairs.

In those days Philadelphia was the commercial port of the country. Along Water and Front Streets were shipping-offices; the wharves were busy with vessels coming and going, and there was talk of China and Japan, of the Barbadoes, of wine and silks from France. The odors of tea and coffee hung heavy in the warehouses, and no one complained because the Delaware was shallow, or the city miles up the river. Girard had found one of the best places in the world in which to build a fortune. Young as he was when he landed, he had both experience and knowledge. Back in his own family were the traditions and habits of fathers and sons who had been sailors and traders, and Stephen

a hazardous traffic, and either go to the Cape and with his brother there establish a house, or else accept from his father the command of a ship. Jean does urge this very strongly, but, in conclusion, shows how well he knows what Stephen's reply will be, by adding, that if his brother is absolutely resolved to stay where he is, he had better consign some vessels to him at once, as he is in a position to have them promptly dispatched. Stephen possibly sent the vessels, but he had faith and saw that under the struggle there was vigor and coming prosperity, and he stayed where he was.

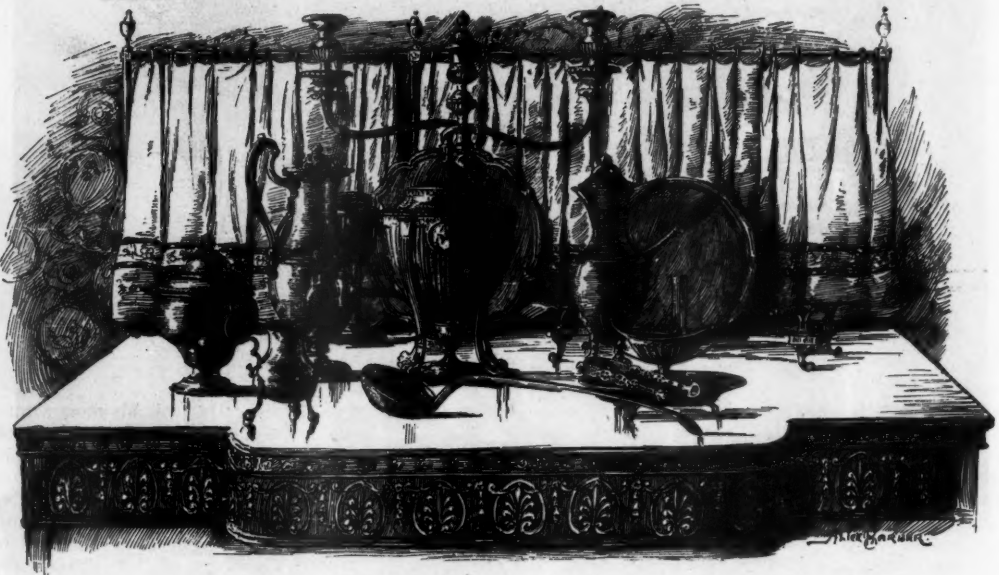
As he grew richer, the Water Street house became very comfortable, and if he did not rebuild he must have altered it thoroughly. He sent to the Isle of France for ebony, out of which he had his parlor furniture made; he imported handsome Turkey carpets; the French windows opened to the floor; the kitchen was paved with marble and the water was brought in by



pipes. In the store-room everything was in abundance: sacks of coffee, boxes of tea, apples, hams, chocolate, West-India preserves, so that the table was fully furnished. Girard himself ate no meat for years, but it was regularly on the table, which was set with much solid silver. There was always company staying to meals, and when distinguished Frenchmen were in the city nothing pleased Girard better than giving them a fine dinner—and among them often came Joseph Bonaparte. The counting-room was under the same roof, and after the nieces grew up and lived in the house, the young clerks made little errands to the parlor when they knew the master was out. There was a small French organ in the room, which they would wind up, and have many a hurried dance when they were supposed to be busy over their books. The nieces had to be on the watch to secure their girlish pleasures. Their uncle was

exercise on his farm but added it to his money-making ventures.

In the midst of this personal prosperity, and just as Philadelphia was fairly recovering from the unsettled conditions that followed the war, the yellow fever broke out and desolated the city. Washington, with all his officials, moved the government offices to Germantown; every one who could fled, and, flying, carried the contagion into the country places near Philadelphia. Those who stayed lived in hourly fear, and hurried through the streets like so many monks of La Trappe under vows to neither touch nor speak to another fellow-being. From every house where people dwelt came the odors of burning tobacco or tar, or some similar substances. Churches were closed, the books in the Philadelphia Library safely locked up; there was no brawling at the taverns, and people hardly dared to even meet to pray



"THE TABLE WAS SET WITH MUCH SOLID SILVER."

never unkind, but he saw no use in any sort of amusement. Everybody in the house, except himself, had to go to church, and each to his own. He provided the pews, and the family was expected to occupy them; but for parties and such entertainments he had only contempt. At ten o'clock the house was closed, and every one sent to bed. But every one did not go to bed, and more than once one of the girls, in her gala dress, slipped softly down the stairs and out the door to a cavalier, who took her to one of the stately parties of the time; and then at some late hour there was the waking of the housekeeper, and the stealing back again. There was no lack of life in the house, and when Girard could get a child into the circle, even as a visitor, he was very happy. He liked young girls and children and canary birds well, but best of all he liked his farm down in "The Neck." Every day, in his yellow gig, Girard drove down there, and then took off his coat and went to work. He hoed and he pruned, he looked after his fruit and his stock, and when his own table was supplied he found it easy to sell at a good profit whatever he chose to send to market, and so not only took his relaxation and

together. The death-calls echoed through the silent, grass-grown streets, and at night the watcher would hear at his neighbor's door the cry, "Bring out your dead!" And the dead were brought; unwept over, unprayed for, they were wrapped in the sheet in which they died, and were hurried into a box and thrown into a great pit, rich and poor together. This was in 1793, and all summer the plague raged, until, when September came, the city lay under the blazing sun as under a great curse. Doctors were dead, nurses had broken down and gone away; there were no visitors of the poor, and even at the hospital at Bush Hill there was no one to receive or care for the victims who were carried there. No one could be hired to go there. Why should any one give his life for nothing? A meeting was called, and a few men came together and appointed a committee to devise help for the hospital. Stephen Girard was on this committee. He had not only stayed in the city but he had given himself up to nursing and doctoring. He went from house to house; he was never too wearied; he was never disheartened nor disgusted. He gave money, and commissioned others to give it for



CHAIRS, TABLES AND BRIC-A-BRAC MEMORIALS.

him, "except," he said to an old Quaker, "*you shall not give to Frenchmen, because you like them not. You shall send them to me!*" It was only a step farther for him to volunteer to go to Bush Hill and take charge. And he did so. He was there for two months. He received the fever patients at the gate; sometimes he went after them; he nursed them and never faltered; he watched until they breathed their last breath, and then, wrapping them in whatever he could find, helped carry them out and put them in the pit. He was then forty-three years old, and his family in France were terrified at what Jean calls, in his English, the "risks" he was running. In 1797 and 1798, Girard repeated this experience, and again nursed and doctored through those summers of pestilence, and lost, he wrote to one of his friends, but one patient, an Irishman, who *would* drink liquor.

And so the years went on, and the Frenchman prospered, and another chance came for him to do another great public work. In 1811 Girard had a million of dollars to his account in the bank of the Barings Brothers. He ordered the whole of this spent in buying the stock of the United States Bank. This institution had come to the limit of its charter, and the stock was greatly depreciated in England. Still, Girard bought it, and waited a little. The charter expired, the government refused to renew it, and then Girard bought the whole affair, the building (which still stands on Third Street), the paper on which the notes were printed, the stools on which the clerks sat; and so the merchant became a banker, and in a moment of national peril, just as we were on the eve of war, saved us from a financial crisis. It was also one of those splendid business achievements

that distinguished Girard. He took his money out of danger and made a good investment, and when commerce was closing, opened a new business under capital conditions. From this moment he was the steady right hand of the government. He believed in it, and was in a position to assert his belief. In 1816 the new United States Bank was established, and stock offered at seven per cent, with twenty dollars bonus. The people hesitated; they straggled in, and at last took



MODEL OF THE "MONTESQUIEU" IN BALCONY RAILING.

twenty thousand dollars' worth. They were not sure about government investments. Girard waited until the last day, when he came forward and took all the



STEPHEN GIRARD, HIS GIG.

stock—three million one hundred thousand dollars. This was his stake, his "risk."

Of course, both parties made money. The government, backed by Girard's name, tided over the perils in its way, and Girard had the benefit of its success. He not only knew how and when to make his ventures, but once made he looked after them. When he saw fatal weakness he took no interest; yet in the moment of danger no one knew better how to run even a sinking craft on shore—but the cargo had to be worth the trouble.

In December, 1831, Girard died, an old man nearly

whom he liked best were the Quakers. He had sympathy with their disdain of forms, their shrewd business habits and their integrity. In his own dress he was as neat and particular as they were, and did not look unlike them. His plain coats were made of the best broadcloth; his underwear, of silk, was imported from China. He kept a pair of shoes for each day of the week, and his nieces hemmed his square linen cravats by the dozen. The portrait we give of him is from the statue at Girard College, which was modeled from a cast taken after death, and so represents him as an old man. It was executed in Italy by Gavelot, at an expense of

eighty-two. For some time he had been very infirm, and his weakness had been increased by having been knocked down by a cart on the street, and having his head and face injured. He would not give up to his injuries, and even when attacked by the influenza insisted on his old practice of doctoring himself, until it was too late. The day he died he got out of bed and walked across the room to a chair, but at once turned and went feebly back again. He put his old, thin hand on his head and said, "How violent is this disorder!" and died.

There was, of course, instant interest in his will, it being generally understood that he had left his millions for public uses. Through a misapprehension on the part of one of his executors in regard to Girard's wishes in relation to his burial place, the will had to be read very soon after his death, and so the public was soon in possession of the facts.

Girard died in the Roman Catholic Church, although a free-thinker. He had not for years attended any of the services, but he said it was best for a man to stay in the church in which he was born. The people



CORNER OF THE GIRARD BLOCK.



\$30,000, and was universally pronounced an excellent likeness.

The last building enterprise which Girard contemplated and provided for by a codicil to his will was the block in which *THE CONTINENT* is published.

The time will come when Stephen Girard will be better understood; and even while he remains the typical man of business—allowing nothing to move him from

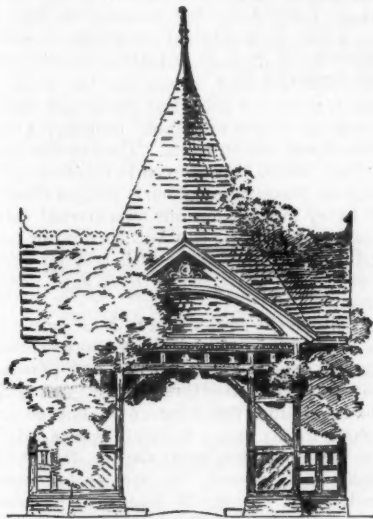
his purposes, inflexible, impetuous, never taking back his word for good or ill, daring yet cautious, having a brain that governed his heart—he will also have credit for his sterling, manly virtues. He was one of the men to whom much was committed, and when his time came to give it up, he gave it, not as money to make money, but to the “little ones” with widowed mothers, and for the benefit of the city of his adoption.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

### ALL OUT-DOORS.—III.

By E. C. GARDNER, Author of “The House That Jill Built,” etc.

THE friendly counsels of zealous neighbors, like heavenly blessings without number gently falling on his head, might well confuse a clearer brain than John's. Yet it was not difficult to separate the valuable from the worthless, and to give good reasons for accepting one and rejecting the other. Weighed in the balance of a critic's eye, Miss Angelina Boker's rose-embowered arbor would surely be found wanting. It might seem a delightful thing to her, glorified by tender memories and sentimental associations; but, standing athwart the main approach to the house, in a semi-public place, where no one would care to recline for an after-dinner



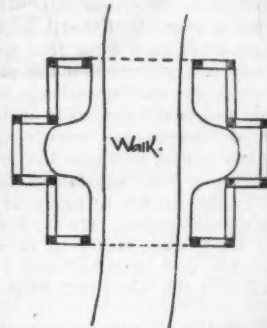
ANGELINA'S ROSE-EMBOWERED ARBOR.

siesta or an hour's novel reading, much less for a rose-colored *tête-à-tête*, it would be as much out of place as Angelina herself at a juvenile party. A similar brief cross-examination would determine the value of all the queries and admonitions that John reported; and, as he seemed fitted by nature and by grace for an out-door home missionary, they were set in a note-book to serve as texts for future use on those occasions when a short sermon seems necessary to help on a good cause; occasions that are more rare than is commonly supposed; example is so very much better than precept, demonstration so much stronger than argument.

John remarked that there is nothing on which every-

body felt more competent to give advice than upon the arrangement of all out-doors. It is equally true that there is no example of faithful continuance in well-doing more contagious than this same work of beautifying, cleansing and generally improving the exterior adjuncts and surroundings of our homes. The man who keeps a smooth, hard walk along the public side of his own premises, free from snow and ice in winter, and in summer well swept and garnished, is an eloquent lay preacher, whose audience cannot escape his exhortation if they try, and who are certain to be convicted in their hearts even if they do not straightway go and do likewise.

As John's “door yard,” to use the good old-fashioned phrase, was to be entirely reconstructed, he was advised to begin by removing everything that would not be a part of the new order of things—the fences that already belong to him, and as many of those that do not as he can get into his possession for purposes of destruction; the maple trees that hide the view, crowd one another beyond the possibility of healthy growth or beautiful form, and hold the dew on the grass till noon; the fruit trees and all other vegetable beings that live at such a poor, dying rate as to be worthless either for use or for beauty. The last category includes superannuated fruit trees and demoralized shrubs once supposed to be ornamental, but which, for want of judicious bending and pruning in their youth, have inclined to various deformities of growth that cannot now be cured even by the most heroic treatment; likewise all green grass whose pedigree is not derived from the first families of lawn seed, and all that by neglect has degenerated into a coarse and clownish sod, with no more vitality or freshness than a peat bog. The way in which people sometimes cherish a poor, old, deformed, diseased and helpless rose-bush, lilac, spirea or other shrub that ought to be beautiful, but never can be, would be pathetic if it were not so absurd. To cast it into the fire, root and branch, setting a young, healthy, rapidly-growing plant in its place, would be both wisdom and kindness. The same is true of turf. Good seed on fruitful ground will bring forth a finer lawn in six weeks

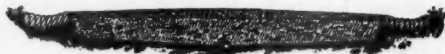


PLAN OF THE ARBOR.

than can be made in six years by all the sprinkling, shaving and top-dressing ever applied to a shaggy old turf whose roots are coarse, cold and spongy.

In brief, John was advised to spare the old oak, the well, and everything else really worth saving, but *not* to spare the axe, the spade nor the plow. This clearing of the field for action being accomplished, the next thing in order is to lay the foundation of the roads, or rather to lay them out with the utmost care as to their location. For to change the location of a single rod of well-built road is almost as difficult as to remove mountains, much more difficult than it is to move an elm tree six inches in diameter. If building a road meant simply turning half a dozen furrows toward the east and another half dozen toward the west, rounding and mounding the sods, loam, sand, clay, mud, gravel, peat, roots, or whatever geological and vegetable formation happens to be lying on the surface, until it looks like the newly-made grave of an interminable sea-serpent—making and moving roads would be as easy as lying. This process, though by no means uncommon, cannot be called road-making. A good road for public or private use should be smooth, hard and dry; free from ruts, from hollows, from hummocks and loose stones; from sand beds, mud puddles, big water-bars, and other dangerous or inconvenient contrivances. It should be of such a course that sharp, ungraceful turns are avoided, and be of such form that water from rain or melting snow will never follow the paths made by the horses' feet or the carriage-wheels, but will run off at once to the well-paved gutters at each side. Such roads do not build themselves—more's the pity—especially over sandy plains, or where the ground is composed chiefly of clay or other substances that hold water.

In the matter of practical road-building John was fairly well posted. He knew that this part of his work, at least, were better to be well done than done too quickly, and therefore dug a shallow ditch the entire width of the road, and filled it with small stones—an



ROAD FORMATION (1).



ROAD FORMATION (2).

essential preparation for all good roads—the depth of the channel varying from six to sixteen inches, according to the nature of the soil. The object of this stony bed is to prevent the softening influences of water and the action of frost. In many cases it is advisable to lay drain-tiles in the bed of the channel, either in the centre or at the edges—not to carry off surface water, but to keep the bed as dry as possible.

It is the absence of this thorough work that causes so many country roads to become Sloughs of Despond at certain seasons, costing every year for broken vehicles and harness, wear and tear of horseflesh and human temper, not to mention loss of time and coach varnish, ten times the interest on the requisite outlay for a good road-bed. It goes without saying that the surface of the road should be hard, smooth, and as impervious to water as possible, cinders and gravel being the most available materials in most parts of the country for hardening; and it should be shaped like the roof of a house—a very flat roof, to be sure, but still a roof—with the highest part in the centre, and with sides neither

convex nor concave, but sloping straight from the ridge-pole to the gutters, these co-lateral adjuncts being scarcely less important than the road itself. The best road in the world is but half made without well-paved gutters at each side, and it betrays inexcusable slovenliness on the part of the builder. As there is no surer external index of a householder's innate refinement in this direction than the everyday condition of his "back yard," so there is no better test of the civilization of a community than the condition of the wayside gutters. It is not merely that they are indispensable to a good road, whether a private road or a king's highway, in a material sense, but they have, so to speak, a moral bearing that is of still more consequence. Front-door respectability is taken for granted—the coarsest boor cannot afford to despise it. Only a gentleman, through and through, regards the state of the unseen and the lowly with the same interest and care that are bestowed on what is seen and criticised of all men.

As a rule, in all out-door matters, what is unclean and unsightly should be removed from the face of the earth by sepulture or cremation. Most objectionable things can be destroyed by fire. A small cremating furnace or kettle attached to the kitchen range would "resolve to earth again," or to smoke, vapor and ashes, by far the larger part of the rubbish that is unavailable for kindling wood, and which is so prone to accumulate in only half-hidden by-places. What absolutely refuses to burn should be buried, and buried where it will be useful, if possible. Moreover, a wise economy would provide for saving all materials that will in any form help the earth to bring forth her increase, or that can be turned back into their original condition, or made over into some of the countless products of human skill and invention. To this end, a rag-bag for waste paper, glass bottles, worn-out boots and shoes and old iron is just as essential to nice household economy as one for bits of thread and cotton cloth. The chiefest economy of all is that which comes even to dwellers in thinly-settled regions through neighborly co-operation. It is very well to try to work out our own eternal salvation, but, in many respects, we can best secure our temporal safety and comfort by working with and for humanity at large, especially that portion of it that lies in our own township.

Accordingly, in the advice sent to John concerning his own little spot of the earth's surface, he was counseled to invoke his neighbors' assistance, and persuade his fellow-citizens to work together for the good of the village in the many lines that concern all but do not distinctly belong to any one. In brief, he was advised to organize a village improvement society, that the public ways might be improved, the streets hardened, the walks graded and paved. It happened likewise that with these and other familiar matters, he was also exhorted to "spare the town and spoil the trees," when they stood so thickly as to prevent free circulation of air, abundant sunshine upon the houses, and their own natural and beautiful growth.

"Let the heathen rage and imagine what they will, a dense grove of trees, which by its 'horrid shade' shuts out sun and air, is not the place for human habitations. Forestry is one thing; crowding five times as many trees as can possibly grow in healthy shape upon a single bit of land, because you happen to own it and believe in trees, is quite another."

If this wise and harmless piece of advice had been a dynamite plot it couldn't have caused a greater commotion, for John is one of those persons born to be reformers, and who seem by nature to take to heresy because

it is heresy, and for whom ideas opposed to prevailing opinions have an especial charm.

In less than a week from the time the innocent train was laid he burst in upon me in a fine frenzy. It appeared that he had acted upon the suggestion of forming a society with characteristic zeal, and being, on account of his interest in the matter, chosen president, he had in his inaugural recommended a wholesale destruction of some of the most aristocratic shade-trees in town with so much vigor and eloquence, that half his audience were ready to beat their spades into axes, and the whole village was accordingly set by the ears.

"I talked health and sunshine and evaporation and beauty and flowers; morning mists and twilight dews; malaria, catarrh and consumption—till I was hoarse. Before I was fairly seated, there were half a dozen up; but Miss Angelina Boker had the floor, and tragically recited:

"Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth—in youth—in youth it shelters me—"

and sat down overcome by emotion.

"Rev. Dr. Brown wished to say that trees performed certain important functions in the economy of nature which—ah—could not well be dispensed with. A treeless country was apt to be a barren country—he forgot the prairies—and, on the other hand, too many trees were of course—ah—excessive.

"Dr. Brown, the dentist, undertook to ask some conundrums about the breathing apparatus of 'souls so dead,' but was squelched by Deacon Peak, who avowed that he had 'sot out' trees from his youth up in high-ways and byways, and whether men would hear or whether men would forbear; and his father and grandfather afore him had 'sot out' trees from time immemorable; and as for him and his house, if any vandal undertook to destroy the work of ages, they would cry aloud and spare not. I should judge that a good many of him and his house were present, for when Dr. Moody, the M. D., got up on my side of the question, and said he was willing to stake his professional reputation on the statement that the community would be healthier if half the trees in the village were removed, they broke out in unknown strains. I didn't hear him, but was told that Jimmy Jenkins, the blacksmith, said the first man that stuck an axe into a shade tree would get an axe stuck into him. At any rate, when the meeting adjourned it seemed as if our peaceful inhabitants were more likely to turn their attention to barricades and earthworks than to any milder form of village improvement."

"Well, what are you going to do next?"

"That's precisely what I am here to find out. I've followed your advice so far to the letter, and I've come for further orders."



## A FAIRY TALE.

THERE stands by the wood-path shaded,  
A meek little beggar maid;  
Close under her mantle faded  
She is hidden like one afraid.

Yet if you but lifted lightly  
That mantle of russet brown,  
She would spring up slender and sightly,  
In a smoke-blue silken gown.

For she is a princess, fated  
Disguised in the wood to dwell,

And all her life long has awaited  
The touch that should break the spell:  
And the oak that has cast around her  
His root like a wrinkled arm,  
Is the wild old wizard that bound her  
Fast with his cruel charm.

Is the princess worth your knowing?  
Then haste, for the spring is brief,  
And find the Hepatica growing,  
Hid under a last year's leaf.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

## JUNE.

COME back, O June, to my heart!  
I long for thy pure white rose,  
And the fresh green shelter apart  
Where the daintiest fern-tip grows.  
Come back with thy poppies and maize,  
Let me lie in thy arms and dream;  
In the languid delight of thy days,  
In the smile of thy sunshine's gleam!  
Come back, O June of my life!  
Bring with thee the one dear face;

And my song shall leap forth with gladness rife,  
Made richer by love's sweet grace.

Come back, O June of my love!  
With the fragrance of elder and vine—  
My love that was pure like the dove,  
And whose kisses were sweeter than wine!

Ah! never again that rich perfume  
On my earthly sense shall rise,  
Till I gather the roses' crown of bloom  
On the hills of paradise.

A. F. JENN.



## A MISSISSIPPI MARTYR.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

### X.—CONTAINS AN ESSAY ON FUN.

"LET's have some fun," Annie said in her most pleasing voice, as the family lingered leisurely over their Sunday morning breakfast.

"It is Sunday!" Mrs. Dickison answers, as if that settled the whole matter.

"What sort of fun?" Sophie asks. Sophie is advanced enough to know that that does not settle the whole matter.

"Oh! I don't know. Let's do something," Annie proposes vaguely.

"We can all go to church together," her mother suggests, still contending for the right.

"They ain't much fun in that," Lewis remarks with impartial contempt for the laws of morality and the rules of grammar.

"Let's go to the cemetery!" Annie suggests desperately, feeling the whole responsibility thrown on her as the original projector of the idea.

"Well!" says Mr. Dickison, leaning back in his chair to gaze upon his youngest daughter, as if she were an interesting novelty. "I believe in fun, Nan. In fact, I may say I adore it. I seek it on all occasions. I regard it as an underrated element in the moral and physical development of our nation! It is my most deep-rooted conviction that if the American people went in more heartily for fun they would be a more interesting and successful set of folks, in many respects, than they are now. The idea of fun in the abstract, however, is as varied and as various as the peoples of the earth themselves. For instance, a Parisian belle and a Feejee Islander do not agree in their conception of what is fun. A Boston blue-stock and a Colorado miner also are apt to hold diametrically opposite notions on that same subject. Nor do I imagine that Lewis here, for instance, and your revered mother are in perfect accord on the fun problem. But it remains for you, Nan, to discover that fun is to be extracted out of a cemetery."

"It's Decoration day," Annie says explanatorily.

"Then let us go," Sophie adds in that deciding voice of hers, and things were very apt to go as her casting vote sent them on all occasions.

"Well, at least, let us begin the day decorously," Mrs. Dickison urges. "If it's decided we're to go and listen to speeches and brass bands after dinner, all the more need for prayer and preaching beforehand."

This point conceded, Trinity was pitched upon as the morning's place of worship.

"You know the music there is simply faultless," Sophie says, "and some of Blancque's organ performances are so divinely sweet that one might imagine them produced by a more delicate agency than the human hand."

"All the best people go there, too, I suspect, judging from the elegant toilettes. I declare that lady who sat just in front of us last Sunday night had on the most perfect hat, and her polonaise was draped to perfection." Annie gives this indorsement of Trinity's claims to preference in her most enthusiastic manner.

"The seats are very comfortable, too," Mrs. Dickison observes luxuriously; "all cushioned backs and seats."

"An' that's the church with the banners and things

—let's go!" Lewis' fervor was a touching tribute to the "banners and things."

"How about the preaching?" asks the martyr, stupidly groping among the musty notions of bygone requirements.

"Oh!" says Sophie airily, "I suppose that is all right; but I declare, if the service is well rendered, and the singing up to the mark, it leaves one rather indifferent to the sermon."

It was not without secret pangs of uneasiness that Sophie rustled softly into position in the somewhat crowded pew the usher politely showed them into. The Dickisons, with Mrs. Dickison at one end and the martyr at the other, formed a pretty solid phalanx. Lewis was wedged in between his two sisters, who did all they could to extinguish him and his freckles beneath their bouffant draperies; but Lewis was a sort of materialized spook. He would not down, but persisted in using his elbows in a most exasperating series of nudges as he asked for information on a variety of subjects in a hissing whisper.

Mr. Dickison, in his fresh-shaven cleanliness and immaculate expanse of shirt-front looked harmless enough, but, as Sophie was saying to her own anxious heart, there was never any knowing at what moment he might "break out;" just as if the good old man were a sort of fatal irruption, you know. Her fears were justified when the last hymn was given out, "Come, thou fount of every blessing." It sounded so old and tender and familiar, that a glad light came into Silas Dickison's eyes. It was as if a greeting from the long ago had come suddenly to him, a stranger in a strange land. Sophie's heart beat wildly when she saw her father lean forward, take a hymnal from the rack, put his spectacles astride his nose, settle himself comfortably into position, and vigorously clear his throat for action. She trod on his foot, and gave him one imploring sidelong glance. He nodded reassuringly, and calmly awaited the termination of the prelude to the dear old familiar air. Why, hadn't he been knowing it ever since he was a shaver about as big as Lewis? How thankful he was to all those grand singers for selecting it to-day! It carried him back to the little church on Mr. Thornton's place, where all the "folks" for miles around would come every Sunday, and as there weren't many tunes that everybody could sing, "Come, thou fount of every blessing" and "Lord, dismiss us" had to do pretty active duty. The stained-glass windows faded into dim unrealities. The nodding plumes and flower-crowned hats about him might have been so many heads of wheat or cabbages for all the thought he gave to them, as, swelling with every swell of the organ, soaring into the realms of happiest meditation, with a voice never peculiarly adapted by nature or training for public singing, Mr. Dickison executed the final notes of the hymn in one ecstatic burst of vocal fervor, after which he calmly eased his steel spectacles, wiped his moist brow, and glanced shyly toward Sophie, as if to ask for kindly indorsement of his musical performance. But Sophie's eyes were fixed in rigid despair upon the organ-loft, her cheeks were flushed, and she wore a general aspect of defeat that was not quite what the good old man had looked for.

"What was the matter, Soph?" he asked when they all found themselves free to walk and talk once more on the sidewalk.

"Nothing, father, excepting that you will persist in making yourself so singular and us so conspicuous," she answers with forced calmness; "and I do hate to be conspicuous."

"Has it come to be disreputable, then, for folks to sing the praises of God?" he asks, rather sternly.

"Not exactly disreputable, father, only nobody else does it at Trinity; so of course people were excusable for staring and smiling."

"Did they stare and smile?"

"They certainly did, father."

"Maybe they were admiring my style of delivery; thought I was another sweet psalmist come to judgment, or something of that sort, you know."

"Admiration was certainly not the prevailing expression of countenance," says Sophie; "but I suppose when you come to analyze it one really has a right to sing in church, if one wants to, but so long as the choir does it so much better I don't see why one should want to."

"Maybe God A'mighty is not as critical about crochets and quavers as your Trinity folks, child. I don't guess He'll take any very serious offense at an old fellow's lifting up his voice when his feelings got too much for him; and that old tune did stir me up like the clasp of an old friend's hand when I was least expecting it—it was all so foreign and new like in your grand meeting-house."

"Poor old pap!" says Sophie, with a sudden relenting, linking her arm in her father's and giving his a tender little squeeze.

Having disposed of their dinner with a generally reckless sense of indifference as to what they ate on Decoration day, the main point at issue being to secure a seat in a car, they started out *en masse* in search of "fun."

"What's the row?" Mr. Dickison suddenly halted his little squad to ask this question, in view of a densely-packed crowd at the street corner, where they had been told to go to take a car to go to the cemetery.

"Waiting for a car," one of the waiters replied, with a contemptuous glance toward the ignorant questioner.

"Good Lord! Have we got to wait till all those folks are served, you reckon, mamma?"

"Not unless you choose to, sir," the same voice replied. "It isn't first come first served on occasions like this; it's purely a question of agility."

"Wife, how is your agility?" the martyr asked, turning with an air of anxious solicitude to the portly dame whose weight was an established matter of a hundred and sixty-seven pounds.

"Mr. Dickison, why do you always select me to make a butt of?" she answers with good-humored frowns. "Do behave yourself."

"A butt of! Because I'm determined you shan't be made jelly of if I can help it. Girls, 'Sawney qui pente' is the word. When I say 'Go,' give a leap for life. We're out for fun, you know, and we're bound to have it at all hazards. Lewis, you rascal, look out for yourself. You're too good-for-nothing to be in any special danger. It's only good little boys who get damaged on Sunday outings."

Car after car unceasingly rolled by the Dickisons, with their human freight packed like herrings in the inside, and clinging like bats to the outside.

"Looks more like suffocation than fun to a careless observer," Sophie observes sarcastically; "and father, please talk English, it's so much safer, you know."

"Go! Is that good English?" yelled Mr. Dickison, without any preface, and with five leaps, such as none but country-trained muscles could possibly have achieved, the whole Dickison family were safely landed in a car where they were so fortunate as to find sitting room for its female members.

"Where is Lewis?" Mrs. Dickison asked, as soon as she found breath to ask anything at all, fanning herself furiously.

"Holding on by the skin of his teeth," Mr. Dickison answered, nodding toward the rear of the car, as he swayed backward and forward, without even the luxury of a strap to hold fast by.

"He'll fall off."

"The mischief he will! Barnacles don't drop off easy. Lewis has the tenacity of a barnacle when he is bent on fun— Beg pardon, ma'am." Mr. Dickison's closing remarks were addressed to a lady in whose lap he had involuntarily seated himself.

"There is one comfort," observed one of the Levings cheerfully, "we're so full there will be no stoppage between town and the cemetery."

Alas, for the fallacy of human hopes and expectations! A lurch, half a dozen yells, four times as many shrieks, and then the car mules stood quietly gazing in upon the passengers, as if demanding plaudits for the skill with which they had managed to jerk the car clear of the track, without inflicting bodily harm on a single one of them.

"Where is Lewis?" shrieked Mrs. Dickison.

"My baby! please somebody take care of my baby!" and one of the outside bats who had summarily been transferred from the car to terra firma extended his arms to receive a small bundle of muslin and ribbons that an agonized young mother extended to him through a window.

"This yer cyar is off the track," the driver observed, putting his head in at the door, as if to impart a casual piece of news; "dog run acrost the track and skeered the mules. If there's anybody in here ambitious of gitting to the cemetery to-night it were advisable the men folks should get out and put thar shoulders to the wheels and the women folks git out to lighten up the cyar."

This sound advice being promptly followed the car was soon shoved into position again; but when the living cargo was repacked radical changes were observed, and Mrs. Dickison was found swaying helplessly to and fro, supported tenderly by the united arms of the entire family.

"Ladies," says the martyr, appealingly, "we have demonstrated this afternoon that the feminine figure is the most compressible thing on record. A bale of cotton is adamant in its powers of resistance as compared to it. Figs in a drum are expansive to it. Herrings in a box fail to convey any conception of it. Now could you not be prevailed upon to compress the compressed just a little closer in behalf of my unfortunate wife here. She came out for fun this afternoon, and as she is the best wife I ever had, I'd like to assist her in the attainment of it. Thank you; I never knew an appeal for charity to fail yet, when the object was worthy and the appellant was a woman," he adds triumphantly, as two little women accord Mrs. Dickison a wedge-shaped position between them, into which she sank with mingled sighs of relief and looks of reproach for her husband.

"Well, here we are; now what next?" the martyr asked, when they were all safely unpacked and found themselves within the sacred precincts of the cemetery.

"I hear the band," says Lewis, and broke into a fox-trot in direction of the sound.

As the band was the only guide they had, the elder members of the family followed his lead at a sedate pace, winding in and out of the lovely walks, without taking time for even a passing glance at the beauties of private lots.

"There they are!" Annie exclaims, with the enthusiasm of a Columbus just sighting the New World. They paused on the crest of a gentle eminence and looked down to where a dense mass of human beings were clustered about a small, open space, where, presumably, somebody was saying something about something; but the open air swallowed up every sound.

"Moses viewing the promised land from Pisgah's top," says Mr. Dickison, posing for the patriarch. "I insist upon asking what next."

"There's the band!" Annie repeats, with flagging interest.

"The band seems to be your one tangible idea, Nan. Let's go look at the Confederate monument that all these folks have come out to decorate. It ought to be something very gorgeous."

So, by dint of inquiring the way at every turn, the ruralists found themselves guided to a spot where a hundred or two persons had apparently sunk to the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

"Please tell us where the Confederate graves are," Sophie asked, sweetly, of some ladies and gentlemen, who, with their empty baskets beside them, were comfortably squatted on the ground.

"Here," one of them answered, glancing about comprehensively.

"Here! Where?"

"Right here. You're standing on one—we're sitting on some."

"Mercy!" Annie exclaimed, looking down in consternation. "Where are the decorations, then, please?"

"Everywhere," says the lady, in a general way.

"Blamed if I didn't think we was walking over cotton ridges," Mr. Dickison says, as they press forward to where a lofty monument reared its graceful head far, far above a few tawdry paper wreaths that patriotic hands had festooned about its massive pedestal.

"I've found them," Sophie says in a sort of indignant whisper.

"What?"

"The decorations."

"Where?"

"There."

"Those paper wreaths? Why I can show you a dozen bar-rooms in town with finer paper fixings than those," Mr. Dickison observes incautiously.

"You seem to be remarkably familiar with such places, Mr. Dickison," his wife says, a trifle tartly.

"I am, my love; there's where I go for fun."

"Well," Sophie observes at the expiration of half an hour, during which time they had stood wedged into the motionless mass of human beings, watching the gestures of the orator of the day, dodging the blazing rays of a hot sun and trying to piece together disconnected strains of melody from the band, whose noise was almost drowned by the buzz of a thousand human voices, "If we've all had fun enough, let's go home."

There was not a dissentient voice. By leaving so soon they had tolerably good luck in reaching No. 80 Melborne.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mrs. Dickison

asked, seating herself by the lounge upon which the martyr was luxuriously stretching his cramped limbs.

"Traps for the unwary. Town's full of 'em. But I say, Nan, the next time you propose fun for the family let me sketch out the programme for you. They're mending the streets here now. Putting them in beautiful order with broken rock. I'll break rock next time for my share of the fun. Hanged if I've done such a hard day's work as this since I broke my last yoke of steers. Wonder if the Confederate dead appreciate boutonnieres and paper flowers?" After which delivery the martyr spread his handkerchief over his face and fell asleep with the facility that comes of a good digestion and tremendous exhaustion.

#### XI.—WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

"It is altogether too warm to think of doing anything at all but sitting still and using the biggest palmetto fan procurable," Sophie Dickison sighs lazily, sinking on a lounge in the room she and Annie occupy together, for the heat and burden of the June days are upon them. "Annie, won't you ever outgrow that countrified trick of peering at the neighbors through bowed blinds?" she adds with heat-engendered peevishness, seeking a scapegoat.

"Well, I never!" her scapegoat answers irrelevantly.

"What?" Sophie asks with an eagerness that just falls short of joining her at the window.

"The coolness of some people!" Annie continues.

"Which people? I should really like to have the names of people who can keep cool in such an atmosphere as this."

"Oh, I don't know their names! I mean our neighbors generally."

"Who is thy neighbor?" Sophie asks, languidly waving her big fan.

"Jew and Gentile! We're in something of a 'mix-tr'y' here in Melborne Street, as old Aunt Lucy used to call it. There! I hope to goodness you scraped all the skin off your knee. If ever there was an unmitigated little nuisance it is that Levison child," Annie adds, her most venomous looks descending through the slats of the bowed blinds to the dusty little garden-plot that poor Mrs. Dickison has cultivated so assiduously as a reminder of lost country delights.

"Is that child here again?" Sophie asks with spiteful animation.

"Of course she is; and made as straight for mother's bed of pansies as if they had been planted expressly for her amusement."

"How did she get here? I just know she can't open that gate now; mother had it weighted for her special benefit."

"Why, her mother calmly lifted her over the fence between us. She wanted to go up town. You know she always puts that child off on us when she wants to get rid of her. I heard her tell her that if she went out of this yard before she came back for her she would 'skin her alive.'"

"Elegant, certainly; but according to your report she has begun the skinning process herself."

"Oh, that wasn't the Levison child! That was Mrs. Davidson's twins. One of them fell over the bricks around the calla-lily bed. But it didn't graze him or daunt. That's him now playing with the gas-meter."

"Did he hurt the lily?"

"No, it was his own knee that got the worst of it; the other twin is amusing himself now digging little round holes all over the front yard. I heard Mrs. Davidson ask them if they didn't want to go over and see 'dear,



good Mrs. Dickison and sweet Miss Sophie.' The coolness of it!"

"Yes; and if 'dear, good Mrs. Dickison' wasn't quite so placid under the imposition, we wouldn't have so much to stand," Sophie says irritably.

"I expect people think we have opened a primary school here," Annie observes; "a sort of kindergarten, you know."

"Bless my heart!" says Mrs. Dickison, waddling into the room, mopping her flushed and moistened brow, "how is it possible for any one to doubt that the Jews are God's own chosen people? Everything they touch turns to gold; they never get into any sort of trouble, in this country, at least; and I do believe a special providence watches over their young. You know that little Isenberg boy?"

"We'd be very stupid not to know him. He's here four-fifths of his time," says Sophie.

"Well, I went up-stairs just now, and what do you think?"

"I think we're just about the most complaisant lot of folks I ever heard of, turning nurses for the whole neighborhood," Annie remarks with energy.

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, girls! City folks do have some queer ways though. And our neighbors are very liberal with their children. I expect they pity us because we haven't any."

"Pity us! the little pests! I wish I might never see another one as long as I live."

"Yes, but I've never told you about that Isenberg child. You know there's a sparrow's nest in the mulberry close to my window; would you believe it that I found him with both legs out of the window? he was sitting in the window while he was trying to bring the limb closer with a pair of tongs. It makes me shudder to think of it."

"I suppose if he had not belonged to God's chosen tribe he would have broken his neck. Is that the moral?"

"If there's any moral to it, it is."

"The part that hurts me worst of all," says Annie, who has inherited a goodly portion of her father's blunt honesty, "is that, when the mothers come along and gather them up, as they go back home for the night, and say a few words about hoping they haven't been any trouble to us, we'll all say 'not at all,' and 'you must let them come again.'"

"It isn't quite honest," says Mrs. Dickison in a conscience-stricken voice.

"Nobody pretends to be honest in the city," says worldly-wise Sophie. "Social honesty is a nuisance and a thoroughly impracticable virtue. What time is it, Annie? I've promised Mr. Pinkham and Mrs. Hayden to drive with them this evening."

Annie gave a hasty glance at the clock, which was out of Sophie's range of vision, and then brought her eyes back to the shutters.

"It's half-past five, and perhaps you won't believe me, but father is actually bringing another child here to torment us out of our lives."

"I know who it is, too, I expect," Mrs. Dickison says, bustling toward the outlook with eager interest. "Your father told me he was going to bring him to see me. It's that Burke child. Poor little monkey! he is a starved-looking mite. He's all eyes!"

"All legs, I should say!" is Annie's observation. "But is father going to open an infirmary for all the puny children whose mothers won't and whose fathers can't take care of them?"

"Annie, I'm ashamed of you. Who was it that said 'Suffer little children to come unto you'?"

"We all know who said it, mother; but it certainly never was meant as an excuse for careless or indifferent mothers to foist their broods off on to a lot of hapless strangers. But if you can stand it, we certainly can. I'm going to take a nap before I start for a drive. Annie, I wish you joy! The Philistines be upon you!"

"Then you'll have to come down, Annie, and talk to the boy's father. Father has taken such a fancy to him, we must all be very clever to him. A little kindness is never thrown away. But it is very hot to have to be polite," Mrs. Dickison declares—as if politeness were altogether a matter of temperature—disappearing from view.

Sophie addressed herself to slumber, and Annie "freshened up" a little, wondering before going down if there was any special formula or parlor manual to be observed in intercourse with a man who was and who wasn't married.

How Mr. Lemuel Burke came to call in Melborne Street needs to be explained.

With the frank friendliness characteristic of him as a man, and habitual with him as a countryman, who was on "speaking terms" with every man, woman and child in his own county, Mr. Dickison did not take long to form a sort of "bench intimacy," as he called it, with Mr. Lemuel Burke.

The city man seemed to find something peculiarly refreshing in the bluff directness of the old Arkansas planter, who, in his turn, declared that Burke was a city directory and social encyclopedia combined. Their introduction was somewhat unique.

"Blamed if I see why you and I should stare at each other, day after day, like two strange cats. Let's be friendly." Which they proceeded to be, occupying the same iron seat in the park, sometimes smoking together, sometimes asking and answering questions of purely local interest, and at others making much of Charlie between them.

"Charlie looks thin," Mr. Dickison says one afternoon, holding the small pinched face up for a closer inspection.

Mr. Burke's eyes roved eagerly over his boy's face, but he answered with that mildly patient voice of his, "I am afraid he is not at his best; coddled too much on sweets; left to his nurse too much. They don't understand children out yonder, I'm afraid."

"I tell you what," Mr. Dickison says with an air of inspiration, "let's take Charlie to see Mrs. D. She's a wonderful woman. What she don't know about children, from spanking them when they're well to dosing them when they're sick, isn't worth the knowing."

"Children might annoy her. You tell me you have no small ones," Mr. Burke says diffidently.

"I told you we had no small ones. Neither did we when we came here. We have about eight now," says the martyr.

"Ah! I thought your arrival had been of recent date," says the city man, with grave politeness.

"Been here just about six months, sir!"

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Burke lapsed into a silence that might mean either he found the riddle too hard for him or the marvelous increase in the countryman's family was a matter of utter indifference to him.

"Well, shall we go?" Mr. Dickison says, taking Charlie's small hand in his and rising to depart.

"Where?"

"To my house. I've talked about this young one so much my women folks will be real glad to see him, and you, too. I think my old wife will prove a real comfort to you."

Mr. Burke stared.

"Well, you know, not just that. Confound it, the right word never does come when I want it. Of course, you don't need comfort."

"On the contrary, that is just what I do need," Charlie's father says calmly. "I need something to restore my faith in womankind. I only wondered how—you—knew—"

"By George! if Maria can't do it no woman living can. Maria is old, and Maria ain't 'specially handsome, but she's a pearl before swine, permitting me to explain that I'm the swine."

"You are a straightforward, outspoken man. It is a pleasure to meet such once in awhile. I would like Charlie to have the benefit of your wife's opinions. I will go with you gratefully."

And so they went.

#### XII.—SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

"NOTHING ever does turn out just as one expects it to in this world, and the more you look for the less you're likely to obtain. I never intend to prepare my mind for pleasure again, for it is certain to result in mortification and disappointment," Sophie Dickison sobs, mingling her tears and her philosophy together in the most hysterical fashion. She had come in late; the family were almost through tea; so she flung her hat and gloves on a side-table, and seated herself with an expression of countenance the reverse of satisfied; "and, father, your Mr. Lemuel Burke is a savage of the first water!"

"There's nothing sure but death and taxes, and blessed are they who expect little. Who's been abusing us now?" the martyr asks, leaning back in his chair and using his toothpick, not feeling called on to champion Mr. Lemuel Burke.

"Nobody in particular, only—"

"Fate in general. Wonder if that letter will smooth matters?" and a thick white envelope went skimming across the table-cloth to Sophie's plate from her father's side-pocket. She picked it up and glanced at it before going farther into her tale of woe—what woman would not?

"Poor old Joe! I'd almost forgotten him! He's such a goose! It will keep," she says, and thrusts it, with unbroken seal, into her pocket.

Notwithstanding the cool reception granted it, "poor old Joe's" letter had evidently acted in a soothing manner, for Sophie's voice had lost a full tone of its peevishness when she began to explain what it was that had gone wrong.

"Didn't you all understand that I was to meet Mrs. Hayden in her rooms at the Gaunt House, to go to the art store with her?"

"Of course we did!" Mrs. Dickison and Annie affirm in duet.

"Well, somehow or other, as intimate as Mrs. Hayden has begged me to be, and as often as she has asked me to come and see her in her rooms, I have never found her at home. I've always sent my card up from the parlor, and word has always come back, 'not in'; but to-day, as we were to go out together by appointment, I took it for granted that she could not possibly be out, so I asked the boy who answered my bell to tell me which was Mrs. Hayden's room, and he told me—or pretended to tell me—and I started out on a voyage of discovery. You have never been to the Gaunt House!"

Her question has the inflection of an exclamation, the fork she has rested in a vertical position, answering admirably for an exclamation point.

"No; what of it?"

"Well, they ought to furnish visitors with clues to that labyrinth, that's all! I rang the visitor's bell at the ladies' entrance—"

"Of course."

"And the man that answered it told me, in answer to my request for Mrs. Hayden's room, to go up two flights of steps, turn to the right—Mr. Pinkham says he could not have said 'right,' but I know he did—go along the corridor that pointed north—as if I had a pocket-compass with me—turn to the left into a short cross-hall, up two more flights of stairs, and the first door to my left was the one I was looking for."

"Why didn't you ask the man to show you the room?" Annie asks, always interested in Sophie's social ventures.

"I did. He said he didn't have time; couldn't leave his own floor, and half a dozen other flimsy excuses. Well—"

"Did you provide yourself with a camp-bed?"

"What for, father?"

"In case night overtook you between the long corridor and the short."

"I had more need of a smelling-bottle. The scents of that hotel! I would not be doomed to spend a night in such an atmosphere for pay."

"City people are not fastidious about the quality of air they breathe. I doubt if they know good from bad," Mrs. Dickison remarks, with a calm sense of her own superiority in that particular.

"So I started on my voyage of discovery. I went up two flights of steps, just as the man told me to, and, as I had not taken the precaution to put on blind-bridles before starting, I was obliged to see right into an open door, where a hatless, coatless and bootless man was stretched out sound asleep on a bed!"

"Mercy!" Annie exclaims.

"Sleeping men generally are hatless!" says Mr. Dickison, "and beds are very generally used for sleeping purposes;" while Mrs. Dickison, who never omits an opportunity to prove that the city man is altogether an inferior product to the country man, remarks: "He might have had the decency to close his door. But city people rarely ever are decent."

"Perhaps he preferred exposure to suffocation," says the martyr charitably.

"Well, it did not take me long to leave that door out of sight; so I turned to the right, as the man told me, and found that there was absolutely nowhere else to go to!"

"How's that?" everybody asks.

"Why, there wasn't any more corridor, right or left, long or short. There was a huge room, with ever so many big chairs and towels and soap-suddy men and things!" Sophie stopped to fan herself nervously, as memory recalled the "soap-suddy men and things!"

"A barber shop! Mercy! What did you do?" asks Annie.

"Nothing! I just stood and stared like an idiot. I suppose I would have been standing there yet but father's friend, Mr. Burke, who was waiting his turn to be soap-sudded, I suppose, came toward me, looking as stern and angry as if he would have liked to slap me, and said:

"Miss Dickison, I believe. Some mistake, I presume."

"I told him there was certainly some mistake; I was looking for a lady's room."

"May I show you to the parlor?" he asked. "Perhaps it would be safest to send for your friend. If you will give me her name—"

"What he said didn't so much matter as the way in which he said it—for all the world as if I was a bad child caught in a scrape. So I just eyed him very coolly and told him he need not trouble himself, I was quite equal to the undertaking in hand, which made him look angrier than ever; but he just said, in that exasperatingly cool voice of his:

"I would like to serve you for your father's sake; but it shall be as you say."

"So he went back to the soap-suds, and I turned around to hunt for a loop-hole of escape."

"I think you behaved very badly to Mr. Burke, Sophie; he is just splendid. Only a girl doesn't like to be served for her father's sake exclusively." Mr. Burke's pretty champion blushed at her own warm advocacy of her father's friend.

"Well, I twisted and turned until I was absolutely bewildered and dizzy enough to drop."

"Weren't there any numbers on the doors?"

"Yes; but those that weren't locked were standing wide open. City people don't care, you know. And then I am sure it's three degrees warmer there than anywhere else on earth. So I couldn't blame them much; but it did look independent."

"City people are always bold as brass," Mrs. Dickison affirms.

"Well, I asked every one I met if they could tell me which was Mrs. Hayden's room, and when I reached it I was so flurried and worn out that I did not even have the decency to knock, but bolted right in. Gracious! will I ever forget the shock of that moment! There was a lounge drawn up between two windows, and on it lay Mrs. Hayden, sound asleep. So sound, that even my boisterous entrance never caused a muscle to move. If I had not been told that it was Mrs. Hayden's room I would have shut the door and run away. Annie, she hasn't a particle more hair than Grandma Rogers has, and it's as gray as a badger's. Her skin is as yellow as a buckskin glove, and her cheeks were so sunken in that I expect she wears false teeth and plumpers and things, and takes them out when she goes to sleep. As for her form! Oh! well that was all over the chairs! And mother, I smelt—I'm quite sure—I think—I smelt beer in her room!"

"Nathan Pinkham's daughter a beer drinker! No, by George, child! you can't make me swallow that story," Mr. Dickison roars, with zealous loyalty to his old friend. "As for her make-up, that's nothing. Half the women in town are made up, I guess. It's a sort of revelation and shock to you, you little country simpleton. But beer drinking! By George, that's coming it a little too seriously, Sophie!"

"It's a safe rule to give a city woman credit for her own eyes and nose," says Mrs. Dickison; "beyond that everything is conjectural."

"Did you try to wake her?" asks Annie, in a shocked voice.

"Indeed I didn't. I slipped out as softly as if I had been stealing; backing out, while I kept my fascinated eyes on the sleeper. Just as I closed the door behind me I found myself face to face with an old hooked-nose Jew, dirty and greasy looking. He must have mistaken me for somebody else—a peddler, I reckon—for he said, 'Vell, vat you got fur me dish toime—silks un shateens?'"

"What did you answer?"

"Nothing. I ran, taking first one turn and then another, until I had gotten so nervous that I began to fancy that some one was following me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a man slowly coming up the long corridor I was in. I ran faster, and finally found my-

self opposite the ladies' parlor. Just then I heard the voice of that detestable Mr. Burke at my elbow, saying, 'Pardon a seeming impertinence, Miss Dickison; but you are so young and so evidently a stranger to the ways of the city, may I not see you home? See, the gas is being lighted.'

"No, sir; you may not," I answered him, very defiantly. "It is quite early. I have been disappointed in meeting some friends here; but I am quite able to take care of myself."

"Your father is aware of your presence here, I presume?" he asked, in that coolly impudent way of his, which it is a wonder I felt called on to answer at all; but I did, just to show him how impertinent his interference was.

"My father is quite aware of and approves all my friendships."

"Pardon me then," and he turned off, as if he had just eased his mind of a load, and left me in such a frame of mind that I was almost ready to snifle."

"That is the last thing on earth I should think of doing in a public parlor," Annie says reproachfully.

"Well, there I stood, and there Mr. Pinkham found me. He said he had just seen me through the office-door. He seemed so distressed to think I had been left in the lurch so completely, said so many handsome and apologetic things for his sister—who, he said, had been summoned to the country by a telegram to visit a dying friend, and abused himself so roundly for having failed to send me the note she had left with him for delivery on the night previous, that I looked at him in blank amazement. Was he crazy, or was I crazy? Had I seen Mrs. Hayden, or had I not? My own eyes told me I had; her sweet little note told me she had been called out of town the night before. Here's her note to speak for itself."

"Of course you had not seen her. Nathan Pinkham's son couldn't any more lie than Nathan Pinkham's daughter could drink beer. A case of mistaken identity, that's all. And as for Burke—"

"He's simply horrid!" says Sophie, with emphasis.

"He's simply splendid!" says Annie, with equal emphasis.

"Oh, Burke's all right!" Mr. Dickison asserts stoutly. "He's had some sorry experiences in life, and is a little tart in some of his ways, but he will do to tie to, as sure as you're born. So Nath's boy brought you home, did he?"

"Yes, sir; he saw me to our gate. But, father, I assure you Mr. Burke is not all right. He is excessively impudent. I was so heated and worried by my tramp all over that hot hotel, that Mr. Pinkham proposed we should go to the park a while before coming home. I asked him if ladies ever went there so late of evenings, and he asked me, in such an injured voice, if I supposed he would carry me into any danger, that I went; and if Mr. Pinkham and I had been two escaped convicts, we could not have been treated with more impertinence by your friend Mr. Burke. He absolutely dogged our steps. Of course, no one could object to anything he did, for the park was as free to him as it was to us. I asked Mr. Pinkham if he knew him, and he said he believed it was that poor rogue Burke."

"Indeed, Mr. Dickison," his wife says in virtuous alarm, "I never did quite approve of the way you have picked up that Mr. Burke. How in the world do we know who we are taking by the hand here? We cannot be too particular. Of course, Mr. Pinkham and his sister are all right, for we know who their father was; but as for Mr. Burke—"



"You're right, Maria. We're not in the country now, where everybody knows who everybody is. But Burke's face spoke so well for him. I'd trust that face of his before a dozen introductions. I'm afraid I am a little irregular in my social performances. I'll inquire into Burke."

### XIII.—POOR OLD JOE!

"SOPHIE DICKISON!" says Annie, turning sternly upon her elder sister, and addressing her magisterially, as soon as they find themselves alone that night in their bed-room; "you may try to deceive father and mother, and you may succeed, but there's no manner of use in trying to fool me! You've got something on your mind; and it's something serious, too! I know you. You've not been worked up to your present pitch of nervousness by that hotel business. What is it, sis?"

For all answer to which Sophie fell to crying in the most inconsequent fashion. Annie was used to these slight irregularities of temperament in her sister; in fact, in her own commonplace humility she had always considered them rather as so many indications of Sophie's finer organism; only every-day folks like herself remained forever on the dead level of placid endurance. So she turned down the bed and tucked the bar in snugly all around, and laid Sophie's gown officiously on a chair for her, and twisted her pretty yellow hair into stiff little paper balls; and finally, seating herself in a big chair, she clasped both knees with her arms and said, "Well!"

Sophie, emerging from behind her wet pocket-handkerchief, glanced at the curled up form in the big chair and at the wreath of white paper knobs on its brow, and fell to laughing as inconsequently as she had cried.

"You are hysterical," says Annie. "Fix your bangs, it will compose your nerves, or read Joe's letter, that will soothe you to sleep, I warrant you."

"Poor old Joe! I'd almost forgotten his letter. I'll read it right now," Sophie says remorsefully, and seats herself accordingly under the gas-light. "Shall I read it out loud?"

"If you don't mind and don't think Joe would," Annie answers conscientiously.

"Of course not. 'Dear Miss Sophie.'"

"He used to call you Sophie. It's going to be an awfully solemn letter, I'm quite sure. If you hear me snore you needn't mind."

"'Dear Miss Sophie,'" the reader repeats. "'I've been intending to write you this letter for the past six weeks or more, but thinking as I'd best be sure of the ground I was standing on before making too bold, I've been waiting.'"

"He's lucky in having any ground at all to stand on," comes from the arm-chair.

"I've found it a harder task than I thought it was going to be to keep my promise to your father about looking after his place while he was gone. Not harder work, for he couldn't ask anything of me that I'd think too hard work, but the old house looks so sad and lonely that it almost makes a woman of me every time I go over."

"He means tears, I suppose," Annie says explanatorily. "Some men think tears and woman synonymous terms."

"The water has left the whole country now, and a bedraggled looking lot we are. There's a deal of mending and patching to be done before things can be made to look half-way decent yet, and I'm sorter glad that you're out of the muss; but I hope you won't be sorry to come back in the fall, for the old place will

never look right, Sophie, dear, if it was never to get you back."

"That sounds just like Joe," says Annie.

"I've pitched my own crop and seen to the pitching of your father's. The hands are all working well after their long resting spell; but the mules are in poor fix to do extra work, and the gnats are death on the poor brutes."

"Sophie, if that letter becomes any more tenderly sentimental you'll have to read it to yourself."

"Your father's stock looks better than anybody's I've seen—he left such a good lot of feed on hand, you know. I am afraid it will distress your mother to hear that all her fine Berkshires have disappeared—killed or drowned, we can't say which."

"Poor old Joe! he's nothing if not practical," Sophie observes, turning over the leaf.

"He's true as gold. It's mean of us even to make fun of his letter. And you know he's lots handsomer than your Mr. Pinkham."

"I've been thinking, Sophie, that I could content myself with beautifying my little place this year, and, when you came back in the fall, I'd just ask you to come over and crown all my work by giving the little house a mistress. But I've fallen to wondering if it wasn't mighty presumptuous in me to suppose that such a prize would go uncontested. And when the fear came over me that somebody might steal you from me, I grew hot and cold and scared, and just made up my mind to write to you, though I know I'm not anything of a penman, dear girl, for I don't understand much beside crops. I'm writing now, sure of nothing but my own heart, Sophie. Sure that it's full of true, manly love for you, dear. I know you can't walk ten steps in your city walks, dear, without meeting some fellow with a smoother face and smoother ways and smoother talk than mine, Sophie; but when it comes to loving of you and sheltering you from the storms, and easing your pathway, Joe Hinton won't be afraid to enter the lists against them all if you'll only tell him he may."

"Poor old Joe!" Annie says softly.

"I'm afraid I've been making too sure of the future all this time. Your father has known and approved of my intentions. I told him when the water came up that it had hurt me worse than anybody else, for I'd meant to have asked you to marry me this spring. He said nothing would please him better, but he reckoned it would be just as well to wait until fall. And I thought he was right, for it does look like confounded impudence for a man to promise a woman to cherish her in a house two feet under water and to endow her with all his worldly goods, when he don't seem to have anything but acres of Mississippi River. But I'm coming out all right, my dear; prospects are brightening and the crops are promising, though this cold snap has made the young cotton look mighty sick. I would like to come up just about the time you're all making ready to come home, and (if this letter makes it all right, that is,) we could get married in church up there, like Christian folk. So I won't trouble you to write me a very long letter, dear, if you'll just write and say 'Dear Joe, I'll wait till you come,' I'll rest satisfied and happy."

The letter dropped into Sophie's lap, and the two girls looked at each other.

"Well?" Annie asks.

"Poor Joe!" Sophie says; "I liked him so much, and was real glad to see his handwriting to-night."

"Well?" Annie repeats, a little impatiently.

"I wonder if he'll mind—much?"

"Mind! What?"

"That!" and Sophie slowly turns a ring on her third finger until she brings a flashing diamond into prominence, that has been concealed in the palm of her hand.

"Mercy!" Annie exclaims, dazzled and startled, while Sophie, folding the radiant hand over the other one, looks down at it in blushing confusion.

"Mr. Pinkham?" asks Annie, in an awe-stricken voice.

"Of course! Who else?"

"I wonder if father will like it?"

"He is not to know."

"Not to know! Why? Who says so?"

"Mr. Pinkham. I've promised him."

"Sophie," says Annie, rising to her feet excitedly, "you are older than I am, and you pretend to more worldly wisdom than I ever laid claim to. I never had a lover, so I suppose I don't exactly know how lovers ought to act and talk; but I don't believe that it's right to keep this thing from father; and it seems queer, to say the least of it, that he should be the one to insist on secrecy."

"Father brought him here. Father knows all about him. He gave me his reasons for keeping it to ourselves for the present. If you've a mind to turn tell-tale, you can do it; but I'll never forgive you—never!"

"How long is this odious secret to be kept?"

"Two little weeks."

"What about that flashing ring?"

"I am going to wear it in my bosom."

"Comfortable. I'd as soon put a brickbat inside my corsets. Poor Joe! he never would have sneaked into a family in this fashion."

"Annie, I want you to hush!"

"In fact, his honesty has been his ruin. You did like him, Sophie, and I believe in my heart you do now. You're dazzled with this Mr. Pinkham. His ways are so smooth, and his voice is so soft, and his mustache so divine, and his eyes so languishing, that you've been sampling the inner man by the outer, and think he's altogether divine."

"Annie, I didn't know you could be so cruel!"

"And I didn't know you could be so silly!"

"Mr. Pinkham is the most polished gentleman I ever met. He dresses to perfection, too."

"The coat is but the guinea's stamp; the man's the man for a' that," I'd rather have Joe Hinton without any coat than Mr. Pinkham with a thousand. You know I never have shared in the family admiration for 'Nath's boy,' as father is so fond of calling him."

"No; you prefer Mr. Burke," says Sophie maliciously.

"At least, there's no danger in that direction," Annie answers calmly. "His wife is living, and I believe him to be a man totally devoid of sentimental nonsense. At least, he has never bored me with any."

Sophie did not answer, but sat absently folding Joe's letter into smaller and smaller folds, while Annie completed her preparations for the night, and crept under the bar.

"Sophie," she says, flattening her nose against the mosquito net to fling a Parthian dart, "what are you going to do about the beer?"

"What beer?"

"Sister-in-law Hayden's. Suppose she does drink beer?"

"Annie!" but there was more fright than anger in her voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

### PERIOD III—CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED).

BELINDA's look wanders in consternation from one to other of the faces round her. Disordered hair, red-hot cheeks, panting breath, rampagious eyes! Bedlam might easily turn out a sauer-looking party. In comparison of them, Comus' crew were an orderly Philistine band.

The men are bad enough, but Sarah—but herself! Bacchante and romp mixed in just and fine proportions as her sister looks, her stricken conscience tells her that she herself far outdoes her, though she dares not ask the looking-glass for confirmation of this conviction; but during the past mad hour, has not Sarah been tame and mild when compared with her?

"Had we not better be going?" says Bellairs at last, in a lamb's voice, in which no one would recognize the hilarious bellow of five minutes ago.

"I think that there can be no two opinions on that head," replies Sarah dryly. As she speaks she turns to her dazed elder, and lowers her voice. "Had you not better go and ask him whether he feels inclined to join us?"

Belinda turns in stupid compliance toward the door.

As she makes her difficult way through the little passage, blocked with articles of furniture piled one atop of another, her consternation deepens. He must have had to climb like a cat over his own arm-chair in order to gain ingress into his own drawing-room! It is impossible! It would be adding insult to injury to present herself before him in her present dishevelment. She must needs repair to her own room; must needs, with intense repugnance, snatch a glance at her own disordered image in the toilet-glass. The case is even worse than she had feared. There is even more of the Mænad than she had apprehended in her reflection. But there is no time to be lost. Each moment that passes, leaving her offense unacknowledged, lends it a deeper dye. A brush snatched up and hastily applied to her revolted hair; two hand-palms, but they are hot too, held for a moment to her blazing cheeks in the vain effort to cool them, and she is off again.

Outside his door she hesitates an instant, listening in scared heart-sinking; but there is no sound audible within, so, plucking up what courage she may, she enters. He is seated at his writing-table, in the leathern chair in which she has passed such countless hours of

ennui and fatigue, slaving in his service. The thought emboldens her a little, and she advances up the room and stands beside him.

"May I take your place?" she asks in a rather faltering voice. "I am quite ready."

It is a whole minute before he answers. There is no plainer mode of showing resentment than by letting sixty seconds elapse between a question addressed to you and your answer. Then:

"I am obliged to you," he answers woodenly, still writing; "but I think that, in its present condition, your mind is scarcely capable of serious employment!"

There is something so galling in the implication that her spirit rises.

"Do you think that I am *drunk*?" she asks violently; then, recollecting how gravely in the wrong she has been, she masters herself, and says apologetically: "I am very sorry; it was very foolish; but—but—I did not expect you home by so early a train."

He gives a little odious, though perhaps pardonable laugh.

"That fact was sufficiently obvious."

"I am very sorry," she repeats again, with uneasy iteration, shifting wretchedly from one foot to the other, as she stands in her culpritship before him; "but—but it was so wet, and we could not get out, and—and it was so long since I had danced or played at any games!"

There is a wistful accent audible even to herself in her voice, and she looks at him with a sort of forlorn hope that he may be touched by it. If he is, he masters it admirably.

"Indeed!" he answers cuttingly. "Well, next time that such an impulse seizes you, I should be obliged by your choosing some other spot than my house to turn into a bear-garden!"

She had thought that her cheeks were already as hot as cheeks could be, but the sudden influx of blood that his words sends pulsing into them shows her mistake. Hitherto, shame at and repentance of her frolic, joined with a sincere desire to make amends for it, have been her predominant emotions; now at once they vanish, and give place to a biting sense of injustice and aversion.

"After all, it was no such great crime," she says in a hard voice, in which is no trace of the gentle, humble key of her earlier utterance; "it was silly, perhaps," with a burning blush, "but it was an innocent enough wet-day amusement!"

"It is an innocent wet-day amusement against the recurrence of which I shall take measures to secure myself," he replies resentfully.

There is something, or she fancies so, of menace in his tone, at which her anger rises.

"You forget," she says, in a low but extremely distinct voice, "that I am young. If you had married a wife of your own age, it would have been different; but you must remember that I am at the beginning of life, and you at the end!" Having delivered herself of this amiable reminder, she walks toward the door, not giving one glance to see how far her shaft has gone home. On reaching her own room she breaks into hysterical sobbing. "If he had taken it differently, he might have made a friend for life of me!" she cries.

This is, perhaps, putting it a little strongly.

One would have thought that upon the most inveterate pleasure-seekers, such a cold-water douche could not have been poured without producing a permanently healing effect; that never again would the members of the little band, so disastrously surprised in mid-romp by the Professor of Etruscan, lift up their humbled

heads from the dust, into which that one glance of his narrow eye had abased them. And yet it is but too true—such is the potency of the spring and youth spirits, when they meet in lusty embrace—that before forty-eight hours are over, they are planning another excursion.

A whole long day spent chiefly in her own society, for Belinda has had to expiate by working double tides her short idleness, has convinced Sarah of the wisdom and necessity of catering for her own amusement. By some means, whether of writing, or meeting on neutral ground, she has established a communication with Belairs and his friends; and in their eager hands, guided by her commanding spirit, the project of a new expedition for the following day—i. e., the day but one after their being put to the rout—speedily takes shape. It is indeed shorn of its former noble proportions, for it is not likely that Mrs. Forth will soon be indulged with another whole holiday; but upon a part—the latter part—of the afternoon she may, without undue sanguineness, reckon as lawfully her own; and now that the evenings are so long, it is of little consequence how late, whether lit by red sun or white moon, they return.

Belinda has no share in the formation of the plan. She knows of it, indeed. Did she not know of it, would she not have broken down under the pitiless labors of the interminable day that intervenes between it and its abortive predecessor? A sort of superstition keeps her from inquiring as to any of its details. To take for granted that it will happen, will, judging by all precedent and analogy, probably prevent it. Much less dares she ask whether Rivers is to be included in it.

"I do not even know of whom your party consists," she says at last, over-night, to her sister, emboldened by the after-dinner twilight, in which they are strolling round and round the odoriferous garden plat, and fondly trusting that for once that sister's acuteness may be at fault, and not detect the ill-hidden motive of her words.

"Of whom it consists?" repeats Sarah carelessly, lifting and spreading out one hand, and striking the fingers, one after one, with the index of the other. "You," touching the thumb, "I, Mr. Bellairs, Mr. Stavely, Mr. De Lisle."

She has reached the little finger, and there pauses.

"Two ladies and three men?" comments Belinda, in tremulous interrogation.

Sarah does not contradict her.

"We should have been six last time," says Mrs. Forth, after a short silence.

"Yes, six," assents Sarah.

Belinda's heart beats low. She withdraws her hand from her sister's arm, upon which it has been resting, ostensibly to hold up her gown; but in a moment that gown is again trailing unregarded behind her. Why has she been gazing with such elation at the steady roses and ambers of the west? Promise-breaking as evening skies are, surely no sky could break such a promise as this! If what Sarah implies be true, what does it matter whether that promise be kept or broken?

"You have not asked Mr. Rivers?" she says at last, with abrupt desperation, seeing that her sister volunteers no further information.

"I have certainly not asked him," replies Sarah gravely, with a slight stress upon the pronoun.

Mrs. Forth does not perceive the significant accentuation; and only gathers that her fears are realized. It is a moment or two before she can speak. Then,

"That was civil!" she says, in a resentful low key; "but I suppose that in the case of a common workman in an iron foundry—"



"Stay!" interrupts Sarah calmly, "before you say anything more, for which you might afterwards be sorry. I may as well tell you that he is invited. I had, God knows, no hand in it; but Mr. Bellairs invited him, and very officious I think it was of him!"

The morning has come. The sunset has been better than its word. No average fair day is this, upon which it simply does not rain, but one that earth, air and sky from morn to eve vie in nobly decking; such a day as that one before which old George Herbert poured the nard and spices of his curious sweet verse, which for two hundred years has risen to most hearts and lips on any day of unusual summer splendor. It is certain that this time the weather at least will throw no obstacle in her way. The forenoon, of hot labor to the one sister, of luxurious cool idling to the other, is past and gone. So is luncheon.

The hour for departure draws near. Sarah is already dressed; dressed to the last button of her Paris gloves; to the last bewitching pinch given to the fantastic rural hat, whose pulling to pieces and rebuilding has largely helped in the beguiling of her lonely morning.

Belinda, usually punctual, and to-day, as one would think, with treble motives for punctuality, has not yet appeared. But just as the impatient Sarah is turning over in her mind the advisability of hurrying her by a call, she enters. At sight of her, an exclamation of surprise and remonstrance rises to her sister's lips.

"Not dressed yet?"

For, indeed, about Mrs. Forth there is no appearance of festal preparation; her head is uncovered; she is in her usual working morning gown—a gown to which traditions of ink and folios seem continually to adhere; her steps are languid, and her eyes dead.

"I am not going," she answers doggedly, throwing herself into a chair. "I must give it up!"

"Give it up?" repeats the other, with an incredulity born of the recollection of Belinda's passionately eager watching of the sunset over-night; "why?"

"He cannot spare me," replies Belinda, in a dull, level tone; "he says that he is ill."

"Ill? What is the matter with him?"

"I really forgot to inquire whether it was his heart or his liver to-day," rejoins the other, with a sort of apathetic satire; "it is always either his heart or his liver: except now and then when it is his spleen!"

"Whichever it is," says Sarah bluntly—"and I suppose you mean to imply that it is not any of them, really—I do not see what good you can do!"

"I can give him his drops," replies Belinda, with the same artificial tameness; then, life coming back in poignant pain into her tone; "while you are on the river, I shall be giving him his drops! Oh!" turning over writhingly in her chair, and half burying her face in the cushion, "what will not the river be to-day! You will be under the willows; they will push your boat right under the branches! You have never done it; you do not know what it is to lie under the willows on a day like this!"

She ends with something not far removed from a sob; then, sitting upright again, and resentfully regarding her sister:

"You do not seem very sorry: if one were of a suspicious disposition one might almost say you looked glad."

"As usual you are beside the mark," replies Sarah calmly. "I was reflecting that in all probability the whole expedition must now fall through, as not even I dare brave Oxbridge public opinion by taking to the water with four young men and without a chaperone."

"Of course not!" cries Belinda, catching eagerly at this suggestion, and with a feeling as of a burden most unaccountably lightened; "it would be quite out of the question!"

How comparatively easy it will be to administer Professor Forth's drops, with no simultaneous mental consciousness maddening her of the dazzling water, the sheltering gray-green willow-arch, and of Rivers lying beneath it, laughing as Sarah, alas! knows how to make him laugh, stretched in lazy forgetful enjoyment at her feet. The distinctly disappointed expression painted on Miss Churchill's pink and white lineaments brings her back to a consciousness of her selfishness.

"I could ask Mrs. Baker whether she would take you," she says slowly, in reluctant suggestion; "she is fond of the river, and she lives only two houses off. Do you think?"—dragging her words somewhat, and hoping, oh, how ardently! for an answer in the negative—"that it would be worth while asking Mrs. Baker to take you?"

"Eminently worth while!" replies Sarah joyfully, the sparkle returning at a hand-gallop to her eyes.

Belinda has already repented of her offer, but shame prevents her now going back from it. She seats herself at the writing-table, and Sarah walks to the window.

"I can see them all at the corner of the road," she says, chuckling; "they dare not come any farther than the corner, and even there I can see that they are in a cold sweat of apprehension."

Belinda writes on: that most *unkillable* of plants—hope—sending up a little fresh shoot in her heart; after all, fate may be kind. It may have sent Mrs. Baker a previous engagement, a headache—what not? But fate disdains to be dictated to. If it is kind to us, it is out of its own free will, and not at our bidding.

"She will be delighted," says Sarah, returning in an impossibly short space of time; Sarah, who to insure the greater security and speed, has insisted upon being herself the bearer of the note. "She is very much obliged to you for thinking of her; she is putting on her things now, and will be at the corner as soon as I."

Miss Churchill is bustling away, perhaps not very anxious to take a prolonged farewell look at her sister's face; but that sister detains her.

"I will go with you as far as the corner," she says feverishly, catching up a shabby garden-hat, and throwing it on her hot head as she speaks.

Before she has gone six yards she has repented of her impulse. There seems to be in these days not one of her actions of which she does not repent before it is half way to execution. Why should she, of her own free will, forcing him to a comparison between them, set herself, poor workaday drudge as she is, beside this charming holiday creature—so delicately fine, so infectiously gay? Even now she would go back, but it is too late. The young men have caught sight of her: in a moment they have all met.

Rivers exhales a heavy sigh of relief. He has had bad dreams, and a dragging presage of ill-luck hanging about him; but both dreams and presage are as false as dreams and presages mostly are. Had they not told him that she would be prevented coming? and is she not standing here in beautiful bodily presence before him? Is he likely to observe the age of her hat or the humility of her gown? He, never one of those man-milliners who can price, to a groat, a woman's laces; he, to whom it has always seemed as if, whatever sheath his bright flower-lady wore, she informed it with her own glory.

"I hope you will enjoy yourselves," she says, letting

her hand linger for an instant in his, and lifting her melancholy eyes to his face.

"We!" he says, laughing softly, though his heart misgives him; "and why not you?"

"I am not going," she answers quietly, though her eyes rivet themselves with an intentness of passionate jealousy on his face, to see whether he looks sorry enough.

He steps back a pace or two, loosing her hand.

"Not going?" he echoes blankly.

His dreams, his presage spoke true, after all—worse than true, indeed! for have they not tricked him with the shadow of a hope?

"Come along—come along!" cries Sarah blithely, marshaling her pack and whipping up the stragglers; "we are late already. Why do we not set off? Mr. Rivers, will you hold my parasol while I search for my pocket? This is a new gown, and a horrible misgiving seizes me that it has not a pocket."

She addresses him so decidedly that he has no alternative but to answer her, nor does she again let him go.

Before Belinda can realize that it is so, they are all off, walking away from her—away to the river and the willows. Without one word of regret for her absence—without even an inquiry as to the cause of that absence, he is gone—gone a-pleasuring.

His face indeed looked blank for a moment, but for how long, pray? Does it look blank still? Will it look blank under the willows? If her withdrawal from the party had been to him what his would have been to her, would he have gone at all? would he not have framed some excuse for escape at the last moment? Nor does she, in her unjust heart-bitterness, reflect that he could have taken no surer way of compromising the woman he loved! Happily perhaps for her, she is not long able to give herself up undisturbed to reflections of the above kind. She must needs return without farther delay to her treadmill. It is true that the morning, and the morning's Menander, are over—ill as is the Professor, he is not too ill for Menander—but her afternoon task-work is still unperformed; her daily two hours' ministrations to her imbecile mother-in-law—two hours during which that mother-in-law's attendant is released, and sent out into the fresh air to lay in a stock of ozone and endurance to support her through the other twenty-two. The thought of her fellow-drudge makes Belinda remorsefully hasten her steps. What business has she, with her selfish repinings, to defer and shorten that other drudge's holiday?

"Do not hurry back," she says good-naturedly, as she relieves guard. "It is a lovely day; take your time and enjoy yourself; I am in no hurry."

Oven-like as is the temperature of old Mrs. Forth's room, her easy-chair is drawn up close to the blazing fire. The chill of extremest old is upon her. Her mind is so completely gone that she is incapable of recognizing or identifying even the persons habitually about her; nor does her daily interview with her daughter-in-law ever begin with any other phrase than:

"Who are you, my dear? If you will believe me, I do not know who you are!"

Her conversation, which never ceases, consists of this question repeated *ad infinitum*; of inquiries after various long-dead members of her family, supposed by her to be alive and sometimes even in the room; and of information such as that her father has been sitting with her (if he were alive, he would be one hundred and sixty years old!), and that it is wonderful how he keeps his memory.

Belinda seats herself beside her.

After all, it requires no great call upon the intellect to repeat at intervals in a slow, loud voice (for, with the other faculties, hearing, too, is gone):

"I am Belinda! Belinda Forth—James' wife; your son James' wife!" varied occasionally by such answers as these, called forth by appropriate inquiries. "He is dead!" "He died twenty-five years ago!" "Woking Cemetery!"

But between her mechanical words there is plenty of room to interpolate thoughts that but little match them.

They must have reached the river by now. Have they walked all the way in the same order as that in which they set off? He and Sarah ahead, and the rest herding behind. Of course they have. Since both are pleased with the arrangement, why change it? How murderously hot this fire is! Is it inside her that it is burning? They are embarked now. Have they chosen a punt, or a pair-oar? Perhaps both, since there are six of them. In that case the party will divide; but how? It is easy to tell, by the writhing of her hands, in what manner she pictures that division effected. Virtually, then, it will be a *tête-à-tête*. It will be alone together that they will lie under the willows!

Belinda's attention wanders wide. Twice she has answered, "Woking Cemetery!" when she should have answered "James' wife;" and is on the point of repeating the error a third time, when a vague fidgetiness in her interlocutor's manner—hazily conscious of something gone wrong—recalls her to herself.

The two hours march by. The nurse has taken her at her word, and is extending a little the border of her liberty.

Presently the Professor enters: enters to pay that punctual daily five-minutes' visit, which is the share he contributes toward the tendance of his parent. For a wonder, she knows him, without being told who he is.

"Where is your father, James?" is her first question.

"Gone, my mother."

"Gone!" (with great animation and surprise), "gone where?"

"To the Better-Land, my mother" (very loud).

"Oh indeed! Well, I only hope that they are taking good care of him: if I know that he is well looked after, that is all I care for!"

Belinda gasps. She has heard it all scores of times before: at first with pitiful wonder; then with a dreary amusement; and lastly, with the indifferent apathy of use. To-day there seems to be a new and grisly jocularity about it. This then is life! A youth of passionately craving and foregoing; long pursuing and never overtaking; of hearts that leap for a moment and ache for a year; of jealousies that poison food and massacre sleep—leading up to an old age of garrulous idiocy! She is released at last: set free to amuse herself as she best pleases. But of what amusement is a mind in such tune as hers capable? She has taken her hat in her hand, and walks along drawing in great gulps of the exquisite evening air; while her feet, without her bidding, lead her to the river-side.

Oxbridge is, as every one knows, rich in two rivers, and it is to the lesser of these streams that the boating-party has committed itself. It is this lesser stream, also, which for a short part of its course St. Ursula's green meadow and pleasant walk border.

It is without any acknowledged hope of meeting them that she takes the direction indicated. Is it likely that they will be so early returning? Is it likely that they, or any one of them, will be in such haste to abridge such an excursion? Tasting, as she now does, the deli-

cacy of the air, viewing the homely loveliness of bushed bank and satin-sliding river, she can the better and more enviously figure to herself what its charm has been. But the air and the motion do her good. Beside her the stream steals along—a soothing, sluggish companion. No song or rush has it, like the flashing northern becks; but what green reflections in it! What long water-weeds, swinging slowly to its slow current! How the willows—pensive almost as olives in their grave dim leafage—have printed themselves on its quiet, silent heart! How riotously green are the fat low meadows that, all winter long, the floods had drowned!

Here, a May-bush has strewn the white largesse of its petals on the water, and there another, less overblown, stoops to look at its own pink face's double. There are two cuckoos: one loud and near, one soft and distant, answering each other across the meads. Beneath the bank at her foot, an undergraduate lies stretched along his boat, with his book. Three others in a punt are waggishly trying to upset each other. She sits down on a bench and idly watches them, till, with shouts of young laughter, they float out of sight. Another punt, a canoe, a skiff, a boat with ladies in it. Her heart jumps. Ah, no! not her ladies! a boat freighted with hawthorn boughs and guelder-rose branches, that tell of a joyous day's Maying in the country. Endless young gentlemen in flannel, punting, sculling, lying supine. She has fallen into a dull comparison between their gayety and her own gloom, when her attention is aroused by the sound of a loud voice coming from some bark yet unseen, that is approaching round the corner. Many of the boys' voices are loud: what is there then in the timbre of this voice that makes Belinda, at the instant that it strikes her ear, hastily rise and pursue her walk? But she might as well have remained seated on the bench.

A punt has come into sight, guided with an unskillfulness that seems almost intentional, by a young man; colliding frequently with other punts, bumping with many jars against the bank, and with an ample female form reclining complacently—superior to bumps or jars—in its stern.

"Stop! stop!" she cries, gesticulating with her umbrella in a way which alone would have been enough to identify her. "Belinda! Belinda!"

All the luxurious young gentlemen turn their heads to look. One of the white terriers seated by their masters in boats sets up his nose and howls.

Reluctant and dyed with shame, Belinda steps to the water's edge.

"George Sampson is taking me out for a row!" cries Miss Watson, in a tone which can leave no member of the University ignorant of the fact related; "his people have gone back to London. I cannot think what in-

duced them to shorten their visit so much; they came for a week. Why should you not get in and come with us? I am sure you will be delighted" (appealing to her swain) "if Mrs. Forth will get in and come with us. We are enjoying ourselves immensely!"

The unhappy young man murmurs something that may be taken for assent. The perspiration of anguish pours from his brow, upon which is written a dogged shame and wrath too deep for words.

"No?" pursues the other, in answer to Belinda's emphatic negative of her proposal. "You are not so fond of the water as Sarah, eh? She takes to it like a young duck. I saw them setting off this afternoon; they looked such a jolly party." I offered to join them, but they evidently did not hear. Why did you not go with them? Not allowed, eh?"

Without looking, Belinda is hotly aware that a pardonable smile has stolen over the features of more than one of the listening boys, at the publication of her domestic secrets. There is not one of them who has not dropped his book.

"I will not keep you any longer," she mutters in hasty farewell.

But Miss Watson has not yet done with her.

"You should have told the Professor that you owed it to your conscience to look after Sarah," cries she, laughing resonantly. "Judging by what I saw to-day, you would not have been far out!"

Belinda's cheek, hot with shame a moment ago, grows pale. The impulse to flee leaves her; a contrary impulse, such as draws the palpitating canary to the cage-wires and the cat's claws, roots her to the spot.

"What do you mean?" she asks faltering. "Was she"—lowering her voice, so as not to be heard by any one else, hating herself for descending to such a question, and trying to carry it off with a spurious merri-ment—"was she—ha! ha!—flirting very nefariously with them all?"

"With them all!" repeats the other in loud irony; "pooh! that would have been nothing; there is always safety in numbers; the others were nowhere. Rivers had it all his own way!"

This is what Belinda has been angling to hear, and now she has heard it. It is not then the figment of her disordered fancy; it must indeed be obvious to have hit the eyes of so coarse and casual an observer as Miss Watson. Nor does the recollection of how much she had profited by her former prompt action upon information derived from the same source recur to her memory.

"He is a sad dog, is David, is he not?" cries the other jocosely; and then she bumps off again in her punt, bawling, as she floats down the stream, to her oppressed and silent boatman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I HIDE my dearest folly from all eyes,  
But most from his, my fondest, wisest friend.  
The frailty I could love but not defend  
I feared lest he should fathom and despise;  
But when, one rarest hour, 'neath evening skies,  
Our love her lamp to Confidence did lend,  
Though wavering oft, and tremulous with his sighs,

Therewith he lit his whole heart to its end.  
I smiled to see a dear and foolish thought  
Enshrined within his soul's most secret place.  
"Fear not!" I cried, "to have thy folly shown;  
No greater joy hath all thy wisdom wrought.  
Now is thy love the measure of all grace,  
Know, sweet my friend, thy folly is my own."

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.





### An Old Acquaintance.

**TOURGÉE'S LITERARY VENTURE.**—The latest of the novels of Albion W. Tourgée is announced by the publishers of this city. All his previous volumes have had large sales; but his venture in the periodical line has not yet been equally successful, if a New York advertising agent of **OUR CONTINENT** is to be credited. He says \$140,000 have thus far been sunk to make this high-toned and elegantly illustrated weekly a success.—*Tribune*.

There it is! About once a month, regardless of weather, the report starts in New York and goes up and down the country, that **THE CONTINENT** is a failure. This has been going on regularly now for something like a year and a half. Sometimes there seems to be a spice of malice about it, but as a rule it is kindly and sympathetic. At first, it was a little annoying, but after a time we learned to take it philosophically, and read these recurrent announcements of our impending demise with tolerable complacency—the more so as we found ourselves none the less lively afterward. This disregard of evil auguries oft-repeated, may perhaps be the result of a peculiar experience. During the recent war, the writer was for a time in Confederate hands, and while thus held was drawn by lot as a hostage for some poor fellow whose life was in danger at the hands of our authorities. During this time he was notified pretty regularly of the fate that the morrow would probably bring. The sensation at first was not agreeable, but after a time he got used to it, and hardly intermitted the game in hand to listen to Sergeant "Coonskin's" dolorous announcement. This may have been mere natural insensibility, but it certainly saved us a great deal of anxiety, which, after all, would, as the event proved, have been entirely wasted. We understand perfectly well that with journals, as with babies, it is the second year that is accounted perilous. At the middle of that year, however, we find **THE CONTINENT** cutting its eye-teeth with apparently as good a prospect of survival as its contemporaries of older growth. We cannot tell what ill-luck may be in store for us, but we advise our friends to wait for better authority than an "advertising agent," whose nose may have gotten out of plumb in some dealing with us, before ordering mourning in our behalf.

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It is hardly surprising that the journalist of Gotham should regard any enterprise of the character of **THE CONTINENT** as destined to destruction unless founded on the Island of Manhattan. New York is unquestionably the artistic and intellectual heart of the country as well as its commercial centre, and the attempt to succeed outside of it very naturally smacks to the Gothamite of insubordination. Nothing illustrates the prevalence of this idea more strikingly than the fact that a considerable portion of our mail comes to us addressed to New York, and every week we have to arrange for the payment of money orders at that office. Indeed so close is our connection with the keen brains and skillful hands of the metropolis that we have found it advisable to open an office there and place in it an editorial representative of **THE CONTINENT**. Though it is more than probable that the present head of **THE CONTINENT** would not have selected Philadelphia as the

point at which to locate a magazine of its character, yet he is free to confess that he has not found the disadvantages of location so insuperable as our New York contemporaries seem to consider it. The mail still runs to Philadelphia, and people can be found out of sight of the Schuylkill who have heard of such a city.

### The Chances of a Twelvemonth.

WITHIN a year, according to that custom which has come to have the force of law, our great political parties will name the men who shall stand as their champions in the quadrennial struggle for the control of the national administration. For some months speculation has been languidly directed to the prospects of various individuals by fitful rumors in regard to their purposes and plans. At no time during the last fifty years, however, has public opinion been so wholly undetermined as to the probable result of conventions to be held within a twelvemonth as at the present. A few things have, however, become so evident that they may be safely counted as incidents of the coming struggle:

I. There will be but two candidates of any considerable following. The two great parties will be practically free from factional dissension and will stand fairly opposed to each other in thoroughly compacted array. There may be a Woman Suffrage candidate or a Temperance candidate, or a candidate designed simply as the formal protest of any other specific but impotent dogma, but there is no prospect of any third party of sufficient importance to endanger the choice of any Republican or Democratic elector. There will be no need of treaties or entangling alliances.

II. The prospects of success are sufficiently fair, and the chances of defeat sufficiently imminent to repress the aspirations of party leaders and subordinate all personal considerations to the collective advantage of each party. The adherents of each aspirant are likely to have their zeal so tempered by this fact as to be willing to submit gracefully to the verdict of the party in convention assembled. Hardly anything less than the most flagrant and undeniable fraud in the nomination could cause a "bolt" or a "split" in either party. There is no factional issue so vital as to afford an excuse such as Douglas had for his course in 1860, and there are few leaders who have either the personal following or the nerve to enable them to fly the black flag for the mere purpose of destroying the prospects of their party's choice as did Van Buren in 1848.

III. It will differ from all recent struggles in this: the nominee of neither party will be assured of success by the mere fact of his nomination and the hearty support of his entire party. Ever since 1860 there have really been but two questions requiring an answer in order to determine the result of a Presidential election:

First—Who will receive the Republican nomination?

Second—Will he receive the united support of his party?

These two queries once authoritatively answered, doubt as to the result was removed. There was hardly a question that this party, thoroughly compacted and ably led, would

achieve victory. The fact that a great leader "sulked in his tent" imperiled the election of Hayes. Whether the adherents of Grant would heartily support Garfield was for a time the main element of doubt in the election of 1880. This time the struggle will not be for the nomination, but for victory afterwards.

IV. As the result of this, two things may be safely predicated :

- 1—The antecedent competition for the nomination will, in neither party, be marked with the acrimony which has recently characterized such contests. Very few adherents of any favorite will be found ready to declare their unalterable conviction that their man is the only one in all the party who either deserves the nomination or has a chance of success.
- 2—"Still hunts" will abound in an unusual degree. As the prospects of specific favorites grow less bright the hopes of the "dark horses" naturally increase. The greater the uncertainty in regard to the result, the more numerous the army of those who entertain a hope. The number of aspirants, each of whom will be counted by himself and friends a hopeful possibility, will probably be greater than in any Presidential convention ever held.

V. The questions upon which factional issues might arise are not such as are likely to be ignored in the preparation of the party platforms, or treated in a manner that will afford ground for formal dissension. Both parties will, no doubt, declare themselves in favor of civil service reform, and each will endeavor to frame a tariff plank on which those of the most diverse opinions may sit peacefully cheek by jowl. The Stalwarts and the Liberals will be hand-in-hand, and the Tammany lion will lie down with the Tilden lamb.

VI. The prestige of victory or defeat will not greatly assist or embarrass either party. The previous successes of the Republicans have been so nearly nullified by their reverses since the last Presidential election, that there is no danger of over-confidence upon their part, despite a quarter of a century of uninterrupted power. So, too, the effects of continuous disasters upon the Democratic party have been so thoroughly neutralized by unprecedented successes during the past two years as to leave no apprehension of defeat to paralyze its effort. Both parties are likely to come to the struggle with a just appreciation of the chances in their favor and the difficulties to be encountered, and, so far as can now be foreseen, the prospect is that the struggle will be one of the most hotly-contested and evenly-balanced in our political history.

VII. The probabilities daily grow stronger that the nominees of both parties will be selected from among their less prominent champions. For this there may be assigned two specific reasons :

- 1—The leading men of both parties are, to a greater extent than usually happens, men of mature age. A long term of uninterrupted power upon the one hand, and of continuous defeat on the other, naturally produces this result. It is only the whirligig of victory and defeat, the retirement of one party and the accession of its opponents, that kills off the fossils and makes way for new men and fresh blood in party organizations. The war of Rebellion brought to the front in the Republican party a host of men then in the prime of life ; their merits and services have continued them in position and prominence until the present. They are now growing old. The Democratic party, upon the other hand, having been out of power for so long a time has, until recently, absorbed but a small proportion of the young and aspiring elements of Northern life. The new men who have arisen in the political field have naturally drifted to the successful party despite the prospect of long service in subordinate positions.

Until very recently their successes, even of a local character, have been so rare and their tenure so apparently uncertain as not only to offer slight inducement to recruits, but to afford those who naturally joined their ranks on attaining majority but little chance for training or development. At the South the Democratic leaders are almost entirely men whom that struggle brought into prominence, and who are by that very fact excluded from the competition. It results, therefore, that the recognized leaders of the Democracy who would be eligible as candidates, are, in a sense, the survivors of a past epoch. They may almost be said to have arisen to their present eminence by seniority. They are deserving veterans, but are the survivors of a losing struggle. They represent traditions rather than living principles. They are the shadow of what was, rather than the incarnation of what is. In both parties, therefore, because of this peculiar coincidence of results, the occasion is very favorable to young aspirants, or (which is in effect the same thing), of men not heretofore prominent in national politics.

- 2—It is always of importance that the record of a nominee should be as nearly as possible unassailable. General harmony with party tradition is, of course, presumable of any one selected to be its standard-bearer. But the circumstances attending the application of party maxims vary so greatly that it is not unusual to find that men who have been at one time typical exponents of its principles from that very fact become at another very dangerous to select as leaders, because of too positive views upon questions yet considered orthodox by their party, but not absolutely essential in the peculiar form they once assumed. The present struggle is one especially demanding of the nominees of both parties a not too inflexible record. So far as their lives touch the old lines of conflict they must, of course, be in harmony with tradition, but the fewer and briefer the utterances of an aspirant on either side (granting him this sort of unimpeachable lineage, as it were), especially as regards the questions most recently attracting public attention, the better for his chances for the nomination.

VIII. Both parties will nominate men with a positive and creditable war record. Whatever may be said, and from whatever motives, about the time having arrived when the issues of the war should be laid aside and forgotten, the time has not arrived when a man can be elected President of the United States who did not wear a sword or carry a musket in the Federal army during the war of Rebellion. The South furnishes to the Democratic party seventy per cent of a majority in the Electoral College. This fact alone, even if that section makes no demand for representation on the ticket (as it is not unlikely to do, especially if the Speakership goes to a Northern aspirant next winter), will compel that party in this case, as heretofore, to seek to brace its record with a name which has an unmistakable odor of loyalty to the Union connected with it. The soldier vote, as it is termed, is perhaps not so necessary to be considered in connection with this matter as that of the sons of soldiers, who are now just coming to majority, and are especially jealous of the fame and prestige of their fathers. The Republican party, on the other hand, will not be at all likely to disregard the strength it may acquire by keeping prominently before the people the brightest page in its long record of power. Indeed there are but two or three men in that party on whom by any sort of chance the choice could fall, who has not a record of manful service in battles fought and won which he not only saw but of which he was a part, and the selection of either of these is made at least very problematical by considerations of an entirely different character. It is safe therefore to con-

clude that the next President, like the last three chosen to fill that office, and like nine out of the seventeen thus chosen, will be one who has known actual service in the army of the Union.

In our next we shall endeavor to apply the views that have been elucidated above to some of the probable aspirants for the leadership of their respective parties.

#### "Bossism" in Virginia.

A STRAIGHT-OUT Republican "Boss," Mr. Dezendorf, who finds his occupation gone by reason of the predominance of the coalition "Boss," General Mahone, has locked horns with the latter, and endeavored to secure the defeat of the coalition candidates, by accusing Mahone of having used his influence with the administration to secure a majority for the coalition ticket. The charges which he makes are shameful enough if true, but in the mouth of Mr. Dezendorf they become absolutely ludicrous. He has, perhaps, more reputation for a skillful use of such agencies himself than any other Republican in his state, and his Congressional career has nothing else of any moment or interest in it. From first to last he was a most industrious seeker for and farmer out of patronage. His indignation at the fact that Mahone had turned his own weapons against himself, and his lachrymose bewailing of the corruption of the public service, are just as real and worthy of just the same consideration as the woes of Punch and Judy. It is not the public service for which he is concerned, but the loaves and fishes wherewith he has himself been wont to solace his followers and thereby secure place for himself. He holds the same relation to the acts of which he complains as a conspirator to turn informer. The facts should be investigated, and if they are found to be true the guilty parties should be punished. Laws are made to be enforced, and he is a foolish man who does not recognize the fact that in a republic obedience to the law is the test of common sense, and the enforcement of law the surest pathway to improvement. At the same time, the man who seeks to pose as a reformer, even in Virginia, ought to have a little more semblance of consistency than Mr. Dezendorf can exhibit on this line.

THE partial success of Mr. Dezendorf in heading a Republican revolt against the coalitionists in Virginia may very possibly be of national importance in the election of next year. The only possibility of securing in that state an electoral vote opposed to the Democracy lay in the coalition. If the Republican party co-operates with the Mahone Democracy they have a fair prospect of defeating the regular Democracy, but neither can do it alone. Should the breach continue, therefore, Virginia must be taken out of the column of doubtful states in 1884, and marked as "certainly Democratic." This is doubtless Mr. Dezendorf's purpose. If he cannot rule and control the opposition to the Democracy in his state, he no doubt prefers to have it in the minority, in order that his chances to figure as a representative from his own district may be enhanced; or it is quite possible that he proposes by this show of power to compel a compromise with the coalition leader. Except for its relations to the general election of next year the present conflict in Virginia is unworthy of special attention. So far as "Bossism" is concerned, there is between General Mahone and Mr. Dezendorf only a choice between tainted fish. It is "Boss" Mahone *versus* "Boss" Dezendorf; but, so far as the national conflict is concerned, there is the difference of possible anti-Bourbon success as against certain straight-out Democratic victory.

EVER since its public opening, the four great cables of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn have borne without a tremor the passage of countless vehicles and the tread of countless feet. They take no more notice of

the eight-horse team dragging, it may be, an iron safe or a huge steam-boiler than they do of the light-weight bicyclist, "who leaves but a shadow as he flies." The crowds on the ferry-boats are scarcely perceptibly diminished, though the statistics of a year may very probably show a material difference; but, be that as it may, the enormous aggregate of inter-municipal commerce is more apparent than ever. It is not generally known that Brooklyn is, in a large sense, New York's storehouse. Her water-front is lined with warehouses, her wharves are encumbered with goods and produce that is brought not because it is wanted there, but because New York is just at hand across the East River. The extra percentages paid out for lighterage, ferriage and transshipment would build a new bridge every year, so far as concerns the mere money outlay. This tide that crosses and recrosses along the lofty roadway heralds a new order of things. The warehouses are brought nearer to the exchanges and markets. New York is still the metropolis, but Brooklyn plays her part in the drama of municipal progress under more favorable conditions than ever before. Already the question is, "Where will the next bridge be?" rather than, "Will another one ever be built?" and nothing is more certain than that the close of the century will see the two cities united in some way far more closely than they are at present, even with the great bridge at its maximum of new-born popularity.

WE are glad to acknowledge numerous commendations of our monthly Reference Calendar, especially from teachers and students. The necessity for a convenient list of works bearing upon the various subjects to which current events are closely related has been apparent to every reader of our periodical literature. The value of a library is very greatly enhanced by having at hand a reference to the very subjects which our daily reading calls to mind. Mr. Charles Ledyard Norton, who has charge of this work, makes it of increased value with each number. The more it is studied and used by our readers the more highly it will be prized. Merely to know the facts of today is but a meagre part of knowledge. To learn their origin and study their growth is not less important. For this the library, public or private, is the ever ready instrumentality, and this calendar is simply designed to aid in its use.

IN adapting "John True's Decoration Day" to the requirements of an anniversary story, a few editorial changes were deemed expedient at a time when it was too late to consult the author, Miss Phelps. The date of the hero's death was changed from June to May. In so doing we made the author seem guilty of two anachronisms: By an accident of the proof-reader, June was retained in one place, and, owing to our ignorance, the hero was represented as dying in May in a hospital that was not opened for patients until a few days later. The fault was entirely our own, and the only consolation we have is in knowing that one was so apparent as to be an evident error of the types, and the other so unimportant as to hardly be noted by any one.

THE National Educational Assembly will meet at Ocean Grove, N. J., on the 9th of August and continue for four days. Its object is to promote action in favor of national education. United States Commissioner of Education Eaton, Senator Blair, and the editor of *THE CONTINENT* are among the invited speakers.

A LIBRARIAN of the Boston public library once said that he could always tell when a young person had been talked to on the subject of solid reading, because the immediate result was a list of books headed by "Rollins' Ancient History." He also added that another result was that



the first volume of that history had been rebound many times, while the others were in perfect preservation. A convention of librarians, held in Boston in 1870, considered this point. It was agreed, without argument, that young people did not read the most strengthening literature; but there was a reason for this given in the statement that useful reading generally was not inviting. Boys and girls of average intelligence, it was said, could be made to take a real interest in the reading of the best books, if those books are entertaining and the way made easy. The discussion having come this far, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who never sees an evil without also seeing its remedy, being affected with what might be called a form of moral and intellectual double-sight, proposed that a series of books should be prepared which should give young people the "plums" in the standard volumes. He was at once met with approval, and a proposition that he should do the thing himself. It was not unparliamentary to make the mover of the resolution the chairman of the committee, and in this instance the suggestion was wise. The result has been that Mr. Hale has prepared four volumes of a series, the fourth of which, "Stories of Discovery," has found a warm welcome. It contains eleven chapters, each giving the story of an exploration. We have Columbus and Da Gama, Sir Francis Drake, Parry and Livingstone, Africa, the Northwest passage, the Antarctic Continent. To better carry out his proposition that standard works themselves were interesting, Mr. Hale has quoted from the originals as far as he could. Columbus tells his own story, and so does every other discoverer who could write as well as sail.

The question now is, Are the stories interesting to the average boy and girl? Mr. Hale has sugar-coated his plums by weaving into the chapters the opinions and doings of one of his bright little clubs, but in spite of all this there is a good deal that only a healthy appetite will fancy. The misfortune is that the children's appetite is cloyed by the unnumbered host of magazines, of newspapers and of story books. No child knows how to "dig," and not one in a hundred knows the healthful, stimulating exercise that comes from honest mental exertion in reading for pleasure. We teach the children arithmetic, we would like to teach them to draw, to use their muscles, to manipulate readily, to handle tools, to see what lies around them. The one thing we never teach them is to read with profit. That this talent does not come with years the librarian can answer, as for every one book of value he hands out forty of trash. The boy will read his "Robinson Crusoe" over and over, but his father and older sister want a "new" book, even if the only differences in the characters are in name. With years the appetite grows jaded, and has to have curry and red pepper in its mental food. If we are going to make readers in the proper sense we must begin young. And, after all, this is not difficult if, as Mr. Hale says, the way is made easy. In making this experiment there is no better book than these "Stories of Discovery." But it is not enough to give the book to the child. It will read it, like it, or, perhaps, find it dull, because it must be to an untrained mind surface work only. But let a family take the book for a winter's study. Let them have maps, and pictures, and arrow-heads, and specimens of all sorts, as they can collect them. They can read other books on the subjects, and, like Bedford, one of the members of Colonel Ingham's club, they can draw maps.

It will all take time and some trouble, but the girls and boys will like it. It will stir them to working methods, and prove to them that there is solid pleasure in solid work. It will also give the parent that too unusual consciousness of "lending a hand" in his own children's education and training.



SINCE the publication of the late Rev. J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," in 1874, ninety thousand copies have been sold at the price originally fixed, \$2.12½.

THE latest volumes in the beautiful Riverside edition of Hawthorne's works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are the "American Note Books" and the "French and Italian Note Books."

MR. SWINBURNE's new volume of "Roundels" contains no poem of marked importance, the chief one being a description of a swimming expedition in the Channel Islands with Mr. Theodore Watts.

"M. BENTZON," a brilliant French critic, has contributed an article to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Henry James, Jr., in which the statement is made that "of all the writers of his country, he is the one who least provokes to laughter. His strokes of humor are rare, and his sarcasm is somewhat sober."

"THE FREEDOM OF FAITH," by the Rev. T. T. Munger, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has made already a profound impression. The author is pastor of the Congregational Church in North Adams, Mass. He is about forty-five years of age, and was called to his present position a few years ago, to succeed the Rev. Washington Gladden. He is known as a pronounced liberal in theology.

MR. RUSKIN's lectures at Oxford for May were on "The Arts of England." The first was on "Mythical Schools (Burne Jones and G. F. Watts);" the second on "Classic Schools (Sir Frederick Leighton and Alma Tadema);" and the third on "Fairy Land (Mr. Allingham and Kate Greenaway)." Each lecture is repeated on the following Wednesday, and all are to be given a third time in London at some date not yet fixed.

A VERY carefully printed and handsome volume, "Historical and Biographical Sketches," by Samuel W. Pennypacker, comes from the press of Robert A. Tripple, Philadelphia, containing fifteen papers, most of which were prepared for the Pennsylvania Historical Society. The settlement of Germantown is treated at length, and those interested in the past of Pennsylvania will find here a mine of well-digested information. (8vo, pp. 416).

A VERY charming little volume of selections from the poets of the day has just been issued by Roberts Brothers, under the title of "Living English Poets, MDCCCLXXXIII." Large space had been given to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose death necessarily set it aside, but who had interested himself much in the collection. The younger poets find fullest place—Andrew Lang, Dobson, Robert Buchanan, and the many less known names; but Tennyson and Browning are also there, and the collection takes a place at once that nothing else has filled. (16mo, pp. 334, \$2.00).

THE recent death of Wagner gives especial interest to a little book lately published by A. Williams & Co., of Boston, entitled "Richard Wagner and His Poetical Work, from Rienzi to Parsifal," by Judith Gautier; translated with the author's special permission, by L. S. J. The translation is of marked excellence, and the details, while not new, are all of deep interest. Madame Gautier is an enthusiast, and her idol can do no wrong. Even Wagner's habit in social life of constantly making very bad

(1) STORIES OF DISCOVERY. By Rev. E. E. Hale. 12mo, pp. 294, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

puns is ranked among his charming characteristics. Aside from this somewhat wearisome adulation, the study of his methods is of real value, and the estimate of his several works are, as a whole, not only thoroughly sympathetic, but just. A fine portrait is given as the frontispiece.

If travelers do not find desired points, it will not be the fault of the railroad companies, who vie with one another in providing beautifully made up guide-books, big and little, often as finely illustrated as a Christmas gift-book, with careful maps and minute instructions as to hotels and general expenses. Nothing prettier or more seductive has been done in this direction than the latest issues by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, "Cape May to Atlantic City: A Summer Note Book," and "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers," the latter being a description of the Chesapeake and Delaware Peninsula. For tourists and sportsmen these volumes offer a wealth of attractions, and the information necessary to choose between them; while the company issuing them provides liberally for the traveler's comfort *en route* over its safe and expeditious highway.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pull Mall Gazette* writes: "I have just seen in the hands of a friend a volume whose history suggests an instructive comment on the practice of rewarding military services with hereditary distinctions. It was the presentation copy, given to the first Duke of Marlborough, of the congratulatory verses recited in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, on occasion of the victory of Blenheim. My friend had purchased it at the Sunderland sale. That an English noble in need of money should sell his books as being that part of his property which he least values is not surprising; but that a Duke of Marlborough should prefer twelve shillings—for that was the sum paid by my friend—to a volume so closely associated with the origin of his wealth and honors, argues a cynical indifference to the ordinary sentiments of mankind which will surprise even a pessimist."

A VERY thoughtful and well-considered little book is found in Dr. J. Leonard Corning's "Brain Rest," in which he discusses the morbid activity, which is a feature of nineteenth-century life, and which is so much the result of compelling circumstances that men are, in one sense, hardly responsible for the results that follow. "The hygiene of the muscles," he writes, "has received very considerable attention, and consequently has been well worked up; but the problem of the philosophical development and conservation of brain energy has as yet received but scant attention;" and he then proceeds to give the results of very thorough observation and experiment, devoting the greater portion of the treatise to "those morbid conditions which lie at the root of sleeplessness, and its accompaniment, brain exhaustion." His chapter on "The Mechanical Regulation of the Cerebral Circulation" is of especial interest. (Square 16mo, pp. 103, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

THE Rev. Minot J. Savage has already made himself honorable place among more advanced thinkers, his work being so heartily in earnest that those who disagree the most strongly with his conclusions must still respect the strength of his convictions and the manliness of their putting. "The Modern Sphinx and Some of Her Riddles" takes up the problem of life as we find it to-day, and seeks an answer to some of its most perplexing phases. With a sympathetic sense of all the difficulties that hedge us in, Mr. Savage attacks each side in turn, and gives answers so filled with sound common sense that his hearers must have blessed him, and his readers certainly will. Ten sermons make up the volume, "What are Brains For?" being one of the most suggestive, though all deserve place in the collection, which, as the author modestly writes, is not "a bid for a permanent place in literature," but merely the calling of "the power of the printing-press to his aid,

in his endeavors to address as large a cotemporary audience as possible." (12mo, pp. 160, \$1.00; George H. Ellis & Co., Boston).

Two surprising facts associate themselves with the English second-rate novel; the first, its even excellence of detail and execution; the second, that anything so good should not be better. The American writer who could do as much would do far more, and a gleam of something like genius would remove the pages once for all from the mediocrity stamped upon them. "A Chelsea Householder" is a study in grays, the warmest tint admitted being a hint of russet brown. There is careful drawing, excellent perspective, the figures are all alive, but drab prevails, and a certain resentment is experienced by the reader who desires stronger coloring. Nothing could be better than the portrait of Miss Elizabeth Prettyman, the gentle, discreet, subdued little copier of miniatures, the devoted friend of Muriel Ellis, the heroine, whose complicated relationships to many varieties of people give opportunity for much excellent description and characterization. Poverty of a genteel and bearable sort is Muriel's early experience, through which she is befriended by the Prettymans, till a series of deaths on the well-connected side of the house put her in possession of a comfortable fortune. As an enthusiastic art student she has already done good work. The fortune does not turn her head. On the contrary, she makes every one as comfortable as possible, and then goes on studying, though sorely tormented by a sister-in-law of a managing turn of mind, who descends upon her and takes and keeps possession of the best the house affords. Miss Prettyman and Muriel go to the New Forest to make studies for pictures, and here the hero, Stephen Halliday, is encountered. How he refuses to recognize himself as in love, how other lovers come and go and more or less distract Muriel and everybody else, and how the course of true love at last runs smoothly—is it not all set down in the quiet and pleasant pages that will beguile any one into reading who has once opened them? (Leisure Hour Series, 147, 16mo, pp. 337, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York).

#### NEW BOOKS.

LIFE OF HAYDN. By Louis Nohl. Translated from the German, by George P. Upton. Biographies of Musicians. 12mo, pp. 195, \$1.25. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

TIMES OF GUSTAV ADOLF. By Z. Topellius. Translated from the original Swedish. The Surgeon's Stories. 16mo, pp. 341, \$1.25. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

A PRAIRIE IDYL, AND OTHER POEMS. 16mo, pp. 160, \$1.00. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

THE BATTLE OF CONEY ISLAND, OR FREE-TRADE OVERTHROWN. A Scrap of History written in 1900. By An Eye-Witness. Paper, pp. 116, 50 cents. J. A. Wagnerseller, Philadelphia.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES ABOUT THE U. S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION, Its Work and History. Prepared under the Direction of the Commissioner, by Charles Warren, M. D. Pamphlet. Government Printing Office, Washington.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. 1883.

HOW TO READ. A Manual of Elocution and Vocal Culture, Designed as a Help to Students of Oratory. By Hiram F. Reed, A. M., President of Eastonian School of Elocution, Philadelphia. 12mo, pp. 240, \$1.50. H. B. Garner, Philadelphia.

SOME OF AÆSOP'S FABLES. With Modern Instances, Shown in Designs. By Randolph Caldecott. From new translations of Alfred Caldecott, the engravings by J. D. Cooper. 80 Illustrations. 4to, pp. 79, \$2.00. Macmillan & Co., New York.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE. A Handbook for Students and Amateurs. By Tristram J. Ellis. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 154, 90 cents. Macmillan & Co.

EXTEMPORE SPEECH. How to Acquire and Practice It. By Rev. William Pittenger. 12mo, pp. 275, \$1.25. National School of Oratory, Philadelphia.

BUT YET A WOMAN. A Novel. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. 16mo, pp. 348, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



SEVERAL of the royal mummies discovered last year at Dayr-el-Baharee were, it will be remembered, found garlanded with flowers; these flowers being, for the most part, in as perfect preservation as the specimen plants in a *Hortus siccus*. M. Authur Rhoné, in a recent letter to *Le Temps*, has described the extremely curious way in which these garlands are woven. They consist of the sepals and petals of various flowers detached from their stems, and enclosed each in a folded leaf of the Egyptian willow. The floral ornaments thus oddly devised were then arranged in rows (the points being all set one way), and connected by means of a thread of date-leaf fibre, woven in a kind of chain-stitch. The whole resembles a coarse "edging" of vegetable lace-work. Among the flowers thus preserved are *Delphinium orientale* (a species of larkspur), *Nymphaea caerulea* (pond lily), *Sesbania Egyptea* (belonging to Leguminosae), and *Carthamus tinctorius*, so largely employed as a dye by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley. The dried fruit as well as the dried, yellow blossom of the *Acacia Nilotica* is likewise present, and mention is also made of the blossom of a species of watermelon now extinct. The foregoing are all interwoven in the garlands in which the mummy of Amenoph First was elaborately swathed. With others of the royal mummies were found fine, detached specimens of both kinds of lotus, the blue and the white, with stems, blossoms and seed-pods complete. Still more interesting is it to learn that upon the mummy of the priest Nebsooni, maternal grandfather of King Pinotem Second (twenty-first dynasty), there was found a specimen of the lichen known to botanists as *Parmelia forforacea*. This plant is indigenous to the islands of the Greek Archipelago, whence it must have been brought to Egypt at or before the period of the Her-Hor dynasty (B. C. 1100 or B. C. 1200). Under the Arabic name of "Kheba," it is sold by the native druggists of Cairo to this day. These frail relics of many a vanished spring have been arranged for the Boolak Museum with exquisite skill by that eminent traveler and botanist, Dr. Schweinfurth. Classified, mounted, and, so to say, illustrated by modern examples of the same flowers and plants, they fill eleven cases—a collection absolutely unique, and likely ever to remain so. The hues of these Old World flowers are said to be as brilliant as those of their modern prototypes; and but for the labels which show them to be three thousand years apart, no ordinary observer could distinguish between those which were buried with the Pharaohs of thirty centuries ago and those which were gathered and dried only a few months since.

If the "ball" or cushion-like surface of the top joint of the thumb be examined, it can be seen that in the centre—as, indeed, in the fingers also—is a kind of spiral, formed of fine grooves in the skin. The spiral is, however, rarely, if ever, quite perfect. There are irregularities, or places where lines run into each other here and there. Examining both thumbs, it will be seen that they do not exactly match; but the figure on each thumb is the same through life. If the thumbs of any two persons are compared, it will farther be found that no two are alike. There may be, and generally is, a "family resemblance"

between members of the same family, as in other features; there are also national characteristics; but the individuals differ. All this is better seen by taking "proof impressions" of the thumb. This is easily done by pressing it on a slab covered with a film of printer's ink and then pressing it on a piece of white paper; or a little aniline dye, India ink—almost anything—may be used. The Chinese take advantage of all this to identify their important criminals, at least in some parts of the empire. We photograph their faces—they take impressions from their thumbs. These are stored away, and if the delinquent should ever again fall into the hands of the police, another impression at once affords the means of comparison. The Chinese say that, considering the alterations made in the countenance by hair and beard, and the power many men have of distorting or altering the facial expression, etc., their method affords even more certain and easy means of identification than our plan of taking the criminal's photograph. Perhaps we might with advantage follow their example.

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Two species of india rubber-yielding trees have recently been discovered in British Guinea of a character which insures their future profit to the colony. One is nearly allied to the Para rubber tree, and is known to the aborigines of the country by the name of Hatie, its botanical name being *Hebea spuceana*. It is about sixty feet high, with a trunk diameter of twenty inches, and is found on the alluvial, oft-flooded land of the creeks and banks of the lower parts of the rivers, where in places it is abundant. The second is not scientifically known as yet, as flowering specimens of it have not been obtained. It is one of the largest trees of a forest flora peculiarly rich in large types. The trunk is four or five feet in diameter, and runs up straight sixty or seventy feet unbranched, above which the head extends many feet more. On its discovery recently a few branches only could be obtained by shooting them off with large shot. The bark is thick and wonderfully rich in milk of excellent quality, and the elasticity and tenacity of the rubber seems to be unsurpassed. It is scattered in individual trees over a wide area of the colony. The products of the trees have not been put in the market yet, collectors apparently being unacquainted with them. Samples, however, have been sent to England to be valued. The discovery of these trees was made by Mr. G. S. Jemman, government botanist, during an exploration which he lately made in British Guinea.

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LAC, the substance from which shellac is made, is an excretion of an insect found in India. In most of the cyclopedias this substance is described as an exudation of certain trees, caused by the punctures of the lac insect. But it has been demonstrated that instead of exuding directly from the trees, lac is formed within the body of the insect and excreted through organs highly specialized for that purpose. Only one insect has been known to produce this substance, and that is an Asiatic species. But Professor J. Henry Comstock, in his report for 1881, describes two new species of lac insects, both of which are American. One of them was found on a mimosa at Tampico, Mexico. The other occurs on the creosote plant, a shrub growing very abundantly in certain regions in the southwestern portion of the United States and in Mexico. The amount of lac excreted by each of these insects is much less than that excreted by the Asiatic species. Their discovery, therefore, has at present more scientific interest than practical importance. But if in any way our supply of lac from India should be cut off the Arizona lac would become of commercial importance, it being sufficiently abundant to be easily collected and utilized.

S. A. LATTIMORE.



## A SUMMER IDYL.



I. Contemplation (He sees it).



II. Anticipation (He goes for it).

## The Bicycle.

WHISKING through the woodlands,  
Flashing over bridges;  
Darting past the orchards,  
Coasting down the ridges;  
Whirling o'er the meadows,  
Glint of polished steel,  
Bless me, this is pleasant,  
Riding on a wheel!

With a rubber tire,  
Tireless I ride;  
Passing men and horses,  
Silently I glide;  
Pretty, pretty maidens  
Watch me as I pass,  
Wave their kerchiefs to me,  
Sitting on the grass.



III. Realization (He gets it).

Rustics in the furrow  
Stop the plow to stare  
At the flying figure  
Silent as the air.  
Timid village ladies  
Anxiously observe  
That there must be danger  
Going round the curve.

Every one is looking  
At my silent flight;  
Hardly do they see me,  
Ere I'm out of sight,  
Down the hilly roadway  
With a bugle peal.  
Bless me, this is pleasant  
Riding on a wheel!

B. T. SIENNA.



IV. Humiliation (He wishes he hadn't).



V. Contrition (He promises never to do it again).